

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XVI. }

No. 1692.—November 18, 1876.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXXXI. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## TWO WORLDS—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

PEACE, in her palace over the Atlantic,  
From the New World deals her awards  
around,  
While war's leashed hounds, a-strain, for  
bloodshed frantic,  
In our Old World can scarce be held in  
bound.

Lo! here, each nation armed against its neigh-  
bor;  
Cross in the face of Crescent reared for  
fight:  
There to the blessed battlefields of labor  
United States that all the world invite.

For a far different shock from the impingings  
Of broadsides 'twixt a "Chesapeake" and  
"Shannon,"  
The strife of Corliss and his monster engines,  
With Cyclops Krupp and Essen's monster  
cannon.

Happy young Titan, that between two oceans,  
Thy guardian Atlantic and Pacific,  
Grown apart from our Old World's commo-  
tions—  
With room to spread, and space for powers  
prolific.

Wisely exchanging rifles, swords, and ram-  
mers,  
For spades and ploughshares, axes, saws,  
and treadles,  
Thou putt'st thy strength in engines and steam-  
hammers,  
And thy gun-metal mouldest into medals.

Earth has no clime, no sky, but thou com-  
mandest;  
No growth, but thy wide-spreading soil can  
bear;  
No ore, but the rich ground on which thou  
standest,  
Somewhere or other, bids thee stoop and  
share.

No height thou hast but all thy sons may  
reach;  
No good, but all are free to reap its profit:  
No truth, but all thy race may learn and teach,  
No lie, but whoso lifts its mask may scoff it.

Oh happy in thy stars, still rising higher,  
Happy e'en in thy stripes so lightly borne.  
How far may thy meridian growth aspire,  
That showest so majestic in thy morn?

To what height may not Heaven's high favor  
lead thee,  
In cycle of the ages yet to be,  
When these first hundred years of life have  
made thee,  
For arts and strength, the giant that we see!

Punch.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLE-  
MAN."

WEEP, weep, November rain:  
White mists, fall like a shroud  
Upon the dead earth's ended joy and pain;  
Wild blasts, lift up your voices, cry aloud,  
Dash down the last leaves from the quivering  
boughs,  
And wail about the house,  
O melancholy wind,  
Like one that seeketh and can never find.

But come not, O sweet days,  
Out of yon cloudless blue,  
Ghosts of so many dear remembered Mays,  
With faces like dead lovers, who died true.  
Come not, lest we go seek with eyes all wet,  
Primrose and violet,  
Forgetting that they lie  
Deep in the mould till winter has gone by.

—Till winter has gone by!  
Come then, days bright and strange,  
Quiet, while this mad world whirls reckless by,  
Restful, amidst this life of restless change.  
Shine on, sweet Indian summer, tender, calm,  
The year's last thankful psalm  
To God you smiling bring.  
—We too will smile: and wait the eternal  
spring.

Sunday Magazine.

## LEAL SOUVENIR!

[WORDS UNDER A PORTRAIT IN THE NEW  
WING OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY, BY JOHN  
VAN EYCK.]

Is it a friend who is painted here,  
Rugged of feature, and homely of dress?  
Did he inspire such a leal souvenir,  
All those years back on the banks of the  
Lesse?

Was he a friend as a friend should be,  
Loyal alike in praise, and in blame;  
Prone to be silent, yet prompt to foresee  
Every call upon friendship's name?

Was he so steadfast that no one could e'er,  
E'en for a moment, his constancy doubt?  
Honest and faithful, so just and so fair,  
His whisper meant more than another man's  
shout?

It was ages ago, and mankind, we are told,  
Has since become selfish, and hard, and  
austere;  
Yet I think it were strange, if 'twixt friends,  
new and old,  
We did not own, too, just one leal souvenir!  
Spectator. H. A. DUFF.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.\*

THE world looks with natural suspicion upon the reputation of a man equally illustrious for genius and for virtue. In its daily experience it does not find the greatest statesmen especially immaculate, the greatest poets free from sordid aims, and we are apt to regard as exaggerated statements the existence of such *lusus nature* in former ages. In many minds, the semblance of partiality in a recorded verdict is sufficient to create reaction, and predisposes them indifferently to ostracise an Aristides or rehabilitate a Henry VIII. and a Robespierre. But there are a few exceptional reputations that have not thus tempted the impeachment of posterity, and have withstood successfully "the fierce light" of antiquarian research which has discovered blemishes on escutcheons long thought to be spotless. The immunity enjoyed by those of whom we speak is probably due to their abounding and transparent humanity. They have never assumed to be faultless, but, in a better sense than Iago's, carried their hearts upon their sleeves "for daws to peck at." The good in them has so plainly exceeded the evil, that the enthusiastic praise of their contemporaries does not seem unreal, and they have been enshrined in the national Walhalla with scarcely a dissentient voice. Among such paragons Englishmen almost unanimously have numbered Sir Philip Sidney. Repeated biographies of him have appeared, all more or less marked by research, two of recent date being compiled from the ample materials in our public archives. Nothing of importance is henceforth likely to be discovered respecting his life or character, and the poet's prophecy as to the fame of a modern hero may be applied with still greater confidence to his:—

\* 1. *The Life of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney, &c.* By Sir FULKE GREVILLE, Kt., LORD BROOK. London: 1652.

2. *A Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney.* By H. R. FOX BOURNE. London: 1862.

3. *The Life of Sir Philip Sidney.* By JULIUS LLOYD, M.A. London: 1862.

4. *The Works of Sir Philip Sidney* (14th edition). 3 vols. London: 1725.

5. *The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, with a Memoir* by W. GRAY. Oxford: 1829.

Whatever record leap to light  
He never shall be shamed.

The eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney, representative of a knightly house, which traced its descent from a chamberlain of Henry II., and of Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of John, Duke of Northumberland, Philip was born on the 29th of November, 1554, at Penshurst Hall, in Kent, which, pleasantly emarked on the banks of the Medway, still remains the family seat. As the playmate, friend, and ambassador of Edward VI., a firm Protestant, and son-in-law of the attainted Duke of Northumberland, Sir Henry Sidney could scarcely expect to retain the favor of such a monarch as Mary Tudor. It speaks as highly for her wisdom as for his integrity and loyalty that he continued throughout her reign to escape molestation on account of his faith, and to discharge important functions of State. Philip II. endorsed the good-will of his consort so far as to bestow his name upon the Sidneys' heir, little foreseeing that the object of this honor was destined to prove, till death, his most determined opponent.

No records of the boy's precocity are extant. We first hear of him in 1564, when Sir Henry, who had been retained in his honors by Elizabeth, and subsequently deputed to the presidency of Wales, entered him at the grammar school of Shrewsbury, within easy reach of his seat of government at Ludlow Castle. On the same day was entered Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, the boy's play-fellow, the man's companion and biographer, who wrote as his own best epitaph that he was "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney." To him we owe a significant notice of Philip's pupilage, as having been marked by rare quickness of apprehension and gravity of manner. The youth's temporary delicacy of health is attested by a special license to eat meat in Lent, which was procured for him a few years later by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. His progress in study at the age of twelve appears from the receipt of a Latin and a French letter, acknowledged in his father's reply, dated 1566. Read beside the record of the son's life, the father's counsels have the semblance of prophecy:—

Be courteous of gesture and affable unto all men. . . . Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maidenlike shamefacedness than of your sad friends for pert boldness. . . . Tell no untruth; no, not in trifles . . . there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. . . . Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side, and think that only by a virtuous life and good actions you may be an ornament to that illustrious family. . . . Farewell; your mother and I send you our blessings, and Almighty God grant you his; nourish you with his fear, govern you with his grace, and make you a good servant to your prince and country. Your loving father, so long as you remain in the fear of God,

H. SIDNEY.

A few lines are added by Lady Mary, "in the skirts of my lord's letter," admonishing her "little Philip" daily and many times a day to study his father's precepts. In their tone of grave, tender affection these lines breathe very fragrantly of the Elizabethan home which was the cradle of an heroic nature.

In 1568 Philip matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, his tutor being Dr. Thomas Thornton, on whose tombstone that distinction is proudly commemorated. A passage of logic with Richard Carew (the future author of the "Survey of Cornwall"), wherein the victory was awarded to young Sidney, is the only chronicled event of his career at Oxford. At Cambridge, where he afterwards graduated, he was noted, as Fuller tells us, for intellectual aptitude and purity of morals.

In May, 1572, a license was obtained for him to travel abroad for two years with a retinue of three servants and four horses. During the summer he set out on the "grand tour," attaching himself to the suite of the Earl of Lincoln who had just been appointed ambassador extraordinary to the French court, with instructions to report upon the eligibility of the Duc d'Alençon, younger brother of Charles IX., as a husband for Elizabeth. He was not yet eighteen. Sidney embarked early upon that stormy sea of theological politics wherein he was destined to figure so gloriously. France, at the moment of his arrival, was recovering from the effects of a severe shock, and on the eve of experi-

encing a shock yet more severe. The long contest between the Catholics and Huguenots had just been terminated by the hollow treaty of St. Germain. A great tragedy had been projected by the former party, for the preparation of which a breathing-space was requisite. Preliminary steps were taken to lull suspicion. In pledge of reconciliation, the queen-mother, Catherine de' Medici, and the young king had invited to court Jeanne queen of Navarre, her son Henry, her nephew Condé, and other leaders of the Huguenot party. The good Jeanne died shortly after her arrival, but her funeral knell was drowned in the chime that proclaimed the marriage of her son with Margaret, the sister of Charles. The arrival of the English embassy at this juncture afforded a new pretext for doing honor to the whole Protestant communion in the person of one of its representatives, and Sidney was selected as the recipient. A fortnight after he had been presented at court the king appointed him a gentleman of the bedchamber. The duties attaching to this post brought him into contact with the bridegroom and his friend and secretary, Duplessis Mornay, with whom he ever afterwards maintained a personal friendship. Ten days later, the *dénouement* of the tragedy was ushered in at dawn on St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24) by the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It gave the signal to bands of Catholic sharpshooters, who in all parts of the city entered the houses of the sleeping Huguenots, dragged men, women, and children into the street, and rained bullets upon their defenceless bodies. The list of victims in Paris alone numbered five thousand.

Whether by sufferance or good fortune, Sidney escaped the fate of his co-religionists, having taken refuge in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, the resident English minister at Paris. When news of the massacre reached England, Leicester, fearful for his nephew's safety, sent off a message urging his immediate return, but Philip had either left Paris before it arrived, or, not sharing his uncle's alarm, preferred to pursue his journey. He did not run the risk of remaining in France,



which became the theatre of renewed warfare, but made his next sojourn at Frankfurt. Here, in the house of the printer Wechel, he became acquainted with another Protestant refugee, the Saxon diplomatist, Hubert Languet, illustrious for his virtue, his learning, and his enlightened views of theology and politics. With this sage, a man of thrice his years, Sidney entered into an almost filial relationship. Languet, who, in the course of a long public career, had mixed with men of the highest intellectual rank, regarded this boy of eighteen with unqualified admiration, discerning indications of a capability which need fear exclusion from no avenues of ambition. The close intimacy thus established enabled the elder without presumption to undertake the whole direction of the younger's education. It is curious to remark how closely Sidney followed his friend's counsel, not excepting its least palatable restrictions. His gratitude is characteristically expressed in one of the poems introduced into the "Arcadia:" —

The song I sang old Languet had me taught.

Languet having received a diplomatic mission to Vienna, Sidney accompanied him thither. At this "metropolis of eastern Europe," which, owing to the stimulus of Moslem aggression, had become the central seat of Christian chivalry in the sixteenth century, he remained for some time, to perfect himself in the equestrian and manual exercises then held essential features of a gentleman's education. Amid these employments he found opportunity both to cultivate his literary taste and to make observations upon the state of Continental politics. The deep interest which he already felt in the issue of the pending struggle between the Papacy and Protestantism is evident in the letters written to Languet after parting from him at Vienna.

From thence Sidney proceeded to Venice. Here, amid the freshly glowing creations of Titian, Tintoret, and Veronese, the stately palaces and churches of Palladio, and the laborious products of the Aldine press, he spent a season of profitable delight. Both here and at Padua he actively pursued his studies and obtained that acquaintance with the Italian classics

to which all his writings testify. With many of the distinguished men then resident at Venice he was personally intimate, and at the request of Languet sat to Veronese for his portrait. After visiting Milan and Genoa, he proceeded to Hungary and Poland. Returning to Vienna, he again put himself under the guidance of Languet, and after a visit to Prague, concluded his travels, arriving home in June 1575. According to the present system of education, a young English gentleman would still be in the upper form of Eton or Harrow at the age at which Sidney was making himself a name in Europe.

From several extant portraits which agree with the statements of Aubrey, Sidney's personal appearance at this period may be pretty accurately sketched. He was tall, shapely, and muscular, with large blue-grey eyes, a long aquiline nose, hair of a dark amber tint, and full, sensitive lips, the slightly pensive expression of which was relieved by the decision of the jaw and chin. Attracting attention by its dignity and beauty, such an exterior was no unworthy index of the man's inner nature. Great intellectual activity, especially of the imagination, balanced by disciplined habits of reflection and forethought; quick emotions and warm passions, restrained by firm conscientious and religious convictions; these, when we regard his career as a whole, appear to be his leading characteristics. A man of his breeding and accomplishments would have been popular at any court. At the court of such a queen as Elizabeth, a woman in her prime, keenly alive to the charms of mental power and personal comeliness, he was doubly welcome. He was soon installed into that place in her regard which he never lost. Not aspiring to the dangerous position of chief favorite or the tender intimacy enjoyed by Leicester or Hatton, he was satisfied with that footing of graceful familiarity which could be sustained with honor alike to sovereign and subject, and which it had been well for Elizabeth's reputation had she never suffered any to transcend. Though ordinarily lavish of endearments if of nothing more valuable, she bestowed upon him no more affectionate tokens than a lock of her hair in exchange for a

copy of verses, and the appellation of "my Philip," in contradistinction to his namesake, Mary's Philip. The return which he made for them took the shape of costly new-year's gifts—a "smock of cambric wrought with black work," ruffs interlaced and set "with spangles weighing four ounces," and similar offerings which the fashion of the time demanded of all favorites. In their public relations he maintained an even balance between honor and fortune, not forgetting that he was an Englishman first, a courtier afterwards. Of his ability the queen made an early acknowledgment by accrediting him at the age of twenty-two as ambassador extraordinary to Vienna. His ostensible mission was to condole with the new emperor Rudolph II. upon the loss of his father Maximilian, and to congratulate him upon his accession; but before undertaking this formal duty, Sidney stipulated for credentials which would enable him to use the opportunity for the advantage of the Protestant cause. A glance towards the "burning question" of European politics at this period will sufficiently explain his object.

Spain, represented by the most formidable of tyrants and despicable of men, Philip II., then possessed a power which, armed with the terrors of the Inquisition, and wielded by the subtlety of Granvelle and the ferocity of Alva, offered a perpetual menace to every free State. In her organized conspiracy against liberty of conscience all over the world she was warmly supported by France under the dominion of the League. Already the Spanish king's attempt to force the Inquisition upon his subjects in the Netherlands had well-nigh proved successful; the gallant burghers having still to wade through a sea of fire and blood before the shore of freedom was gained. If they eventually succumbed, the remaining countries of Europe which upheld the principles of the Reformation could expect no better fate. It became, therefore, a matter of deep moment to ascertain the leanings of a neutral power so important as Germany. Whether the new emperor, who had been educated in Spain and was the king's presumptive heir, was disposed to abet or to hinder his schemes, and how far the co-operation of the minor Protestant States, few in number and divided by jealousies, might be relied upon in the event of war, were questions the propounding of which to uncertain ears demanded a shrewd and skilful tongue. In entrusting one so young as Sidney with this deli-

cate mission, Elizabeth and her ministers were doubtless actuated not only by their knowledge of his sympathies, but by the impression he had already produced of an ability to justify confidence.

Accompanied by a suitable retinue, which included his friend Fulke Greville, the ambassador proceeded to Vienna in February 1577. His frank but deftly-woven expressions of regret, rejoicing, hope, and warning met with as satisfactory a response as perhaps could be expected from a monarch so politically embarrassed and personally weak-spirited as Rudolph. A similar mission to the Princes Lewis and Casimir, sons of the late Elector Palatine of the Rhine, was more successfully accomplished. The brothers, whose natural alliance had been sundered by differences of belief, the elder being a strict Lutheran, the younger a staunch Calvinist, were induced by Sidney's good offices to become reconciled, and a pledge of active help against Spain was obtained from Prince Casimir. The ambassador next received instructions to proceed to the Netherlands, which, guided by the dexterous patriotism of William of Orange, had recently thrown off the Spanish yoke and sealed its religious and political independence by the Union of Ghent. To him as its stadtholder, then resident at Delft, Sidney was accredited. Elizabeth's temporizing policy was at this time favorable to the Netherlands, and her support, moral if not material, at such a crisis was invaluable to them. William's reception of Sidney was worthy of both. The acute statesman, so unimpassive and self-conscious, was not slow to perceive or allow the ability of his visitor. "I will pledge my credit," was his message to the queen, a year or two later, "that your Majesty hath in Mr. Sidney one of the ripest and richest counsellors of state that live in Europe."\* A similar tribute of admiration, the greater in proportion to its reluctance, was rendered by William's skilful antagonist, Don Juan of Austria, the Spanish representative in the Netherlands, with whom Sidney had an interview at Brussels.

The envoy's official letters to Walsingham, conveying the results of his mission, are state papers of no ordinary interest, evincing the writer's breadth of political

\* Fulke Greville, who was the bearer of this message, forbore to deliver it by the express desire of Sidney, who, with equal modesty and prudence, preferred that any recognition of his merits should rather proceed from the observation of his own sovereign than be brought to her notice by another.

view and insight into character. He returned to England in June 1577, and resumed his place at court, where he was soon appointed by Elizabeth to the post of cupbearer, which retained him near her person, and necessitated his accompanying her frequent changes of residence. The life of a professional courtier, condemned to a tedious routine of ceremonial, and to the imputation of being a medium of antechamber gossip and back-stair intrigue, is about the last that we can conceive Philip Sidney desirous of leading. His correspondence with Languet attests how irksome was this monotony to his eager spirit. His near neighborhood to the queen at this period, however, was of essential importance to his father, whose impartial government as lord deputy of Ireland entailed on him bitter opposition from the powerful nobles over whom he was set in authority. Long accustomed to exercise almost absolute power, they ill brooked a just control, and denied his right to impose on them any share of the taxation which was assessed upon the rest of the nation. To their enmity, and the turbulence of the native Irish, which he had firmly and gently repressed, were added the reproaches of the English settlers in the Pale, whom he was striving to protect. Claiming that such protection should be gratuitous, they refused payment of a tax which had been immemorially levied for the support of the deputy's household and garrison. His decided measures to enforce this equitable demand brought upon his head a torrent of invective. The accusations bruited in Dublin found their way to London, and there gained credence from persons of authority. Philip's advocacy of his father's cause was gallant and skilful. In an elaborate written defence he disposed of all the charges *seriatim*, and succeeded in clearing the fame of the accused without offending the judges or exasperating his opponents. Burghley gave his hearty support to the lord deputy's policy, and Elizabeth, who had construed his acts unfavorably, expressed herself convinced of her mistake. Philip's successful diplomacy on this occasion, for which Sir Henry's gratitude was warmly expressed, and the intimate relations into which he was brought with Burghley, Walsingham, Buckhurst, Knollys, and other men of influence at court, made his presence there increasingly valuable. It was the same sense of paramount duty to his father's interests that induced him in the year following (1578) to decline

Prince Casimir's offer of a high post in the Rhenish contingent, which was about to join the Protestant army in the Netherlands. His enthusiasm for the cause which he was thus reluctantly prevented from actively serving continued to be shown in his correspondence with Languet, and in zealous advocacy of the Huguenot petitions to Elizabeth for help against the League.

Trifles served to diversify these serious occupations. In May, 1578, the queen's visit to Wanstead House, in Essex, where Leicester magnificently entertained her, gave rise to Sidney's first literary effort. His masque of "The Lady of the May" was written in her honor and performed in her presence. As was to be expected, the piece had no extraordinary merit. A tinge of grace in the sentiment and of delicacy in the humor is, nevertheless, perceptible throughout. Elizabeth, who is made the arbiter of a contest between two poetical rustics, a shepherd and a huntsman, for a coy nymph, is complimented with an elegance of flattery which must have favorably contrasted, even to so indiscriminating an appetite, with the grossness of ordinary court-bards. A mirthful sketch of a village schoolmaster, who travesties the pedantic fashion of speech then recently introduced, to which the work of Lyly, published in the following year, has given the name of Euphuism, is the real "hit" of the masque. In the abominable Latin ascribed to him there is an evident touch of burlesque, but the monstrous absurdity of his English is probably but little exaggerated:—

I am, potentissima domina, [Rhombus thus addresses the queen] a schoolmaster, that is to say a pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juvenile fry, wherein, to my laud I say it, I use such geometrical proportion as neither wanteth mansuetude nor correction, for so it is described

"*Parcare subjectos et debellare superbos.*"

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my virtues protected me from the contaminating hands of these plebeians; for coming *solummodo* to have parted their sanguinolent fray they yielded me no more reverence than if I had been some *pecorinus asinus*. I, even I, that am, who am I? *Dixi: Verbus sapientio satum est*. But what said that Trojan Æneas when he sojournd in the surging sulks of the sandiferous seas?

"*Hæc olim memonasse jurebit.*"

At the very time of her feigned arbitration in an action brought in the Court of Love, Elizabeth was herself both judge and subject of a real contest. Among

the many aspirants to her hand, Francis Duc d'Alençon, known since his brother Henry's accession to the throne by the title of Anjou, was the most acceptable to herself, the least welcome to the nation. Towards Leicester and Hatton she may have felt more tenderly, and given more substantial tokens of affection, but it is doubtful if she ever seriously contemplated marriage with either. The same doubts exist as to her intentions regarding all other claimants save Anjou alone. Coy and capricious to the extreme, she as repeatedly consented as refused to gratify the nation by marriage, repeatedly indicated one of the candidates as the object of her choice, repeatedly transferred the marks of her favor to another, and finally rejected them in a body. For Anjou alone she manifested an inclination in the face of popular opposition, and carried it so far as actually to take up the pen for signing the marriage contract. The grounds of the public dislike to "Monsieur," as the duke was called, which induced her at the last moment to reject his suit, are sufficiently intelligible. He was a Frenchman, a Catholic, half Valois, half Medici, wholly false, cruel, and slavish. If some of these grounds may be set aside as insular prejudices, the evidence of history has justified the cogency of the remainder. Elizabeth and Protestant England had a happy escape from alliance with the traitor of the League and Huguenot wars, the tyrant of the confiding Flemings.

Persuaded that the match which Elizabeth had in prospect would prove injurious to the public interests as well as her own, Sidney ventured to use the advantages afforded by his social position and private intimacy in the service of both. Though he acted on the advice of counsellors to whom he was accustomed to look up, it was not a little daring in a youth untitled, comparatively unprivileged and unseconded, to assume the responsibility of conveying the popular sentiment upon so delicate a question to a high-spirited woman and a Tudor queen. His "Remonstrance," if originally delivered into her own hand, soon afterwards became public. With the plainest candor and the mildest courtesies, he succinctly expressed and justified the chief objections to her marriage with the duke, urging the imprudence of gaining a husband's at the expense of a people's love, and pointing the argument with an illustration from her sister's reign that must have penetrated her mind with a home-thrust. It is impossible to determine how much weight the queen attached

to this expression of opinion. In questions of love, logic is proverbially put out of court. The national disaffection could not be disregarded with impunity; but not for some time longer was the duke's eloquence exhausted, or her inclination completely mastered. The immunity from censure for his boldness which Sidney enjoyed bears sufficient testimony to the tact and temper of his language. For uttering the same sentiments in coarser words, John Stubbs and William Page were arraigned for libel and punished by mutilation.

A recent biographer, Mr. Bourne, endeavors to show that a temporary explosion of the royal displeasure, necessitating withdrawal from her presence, was the consequence of Sidney's daring. The evidence for this, however, seems very slight. Lord Brooke, who, as Sidney's intimate friend, must have been well acquainted with the facts, attributes his retirement from court to a private dispute with the Earl of Oxford, by whom a few months before he had been grossly insulted at tennis. This peer enjoys the reputation of being among the most splendid and most vicious of Elizabeth's courtiers. A De Vere, proud of his Norman and baronial blood, a courtier rejoicing in the hereditary office of great chamberlain and the acquired possession of royal favor, he doubtless looked down upon Philip Sidney as a man of inferior rank, whose pretensions to consideration on the score of talent and virtue were quite intolerable. Sidney had good reason for disliking him before any personal conflict took place between them. Oxford was the husband of Burghley's daughter Anne, who had been destined for Sidney himself when they were both children, and though the rupture of the negotiations had caused him no disappointment, his chivalric spirit must have been chafed to witness the neglect with which she was treated by the earl. The Anjou alliance, moreover, of which Sidney was so sturdy an opponent, received the support of Oxford, who owed his present enjoyment of Elizabeth's favor to the address with which he flattered her inclination. His outrageous conduct on the occasion referred to, of which Lord Brooke gives a full account, was all that was needed to kindle dislike into animosity.

Sidney's cool, sarcastic bearing would have provoked a passage of arms, had not the earl hung back until the lords of the council interfered, and the queen, hearing of the affair, called the former into

her presence. In whichever direction her personal bias may have leaned, her traditional policy was rigidly aristocratic. Her language, though conciliatory, accordingly betrayed a tone of reprimand. He was reminded that inferiority of rank involved obligations of respect which it behoved the inferior to keep in constant view. His dignified reply was that he held such obligations mutual, forbidding the superior to be discourteous and the inferior to be slavish. The queen, if unconvinced, had the good sense not to be displeased. Feeling fortified by her support, however, the earl and his friends contrived to render the court atmosphere so oppressive that Sidney determined to withdraw. His presence there for a while was scarcely necessary or desirable. Sir Henry Sidney, having now left Ireland and returned to the presidency of Wales, had less occasion for his services. Leicester, whose secret marriage with the widowed Countess of Essex had just come to the queen's ears, was temporarily in disgrace, and as his uncle's heir presumptive Philip might naturally expect a share of the royal frown.

Wilton, the seat of Lord Pembroke, the husband of his beloved and gifted sister Mary, was his place of retirement. Aubrey has preserved a memorial of Sidney's fondness for this fascinating retreat; how he would spend some days in hunting over the Wiltshire downs, often checking his horse to note a fugitive thought on his tablets; at other times sit musing for hours upon a hill crowned with the romantic ruins of Ivy-church, commanding a view of Clarendon Forest and the sea-like plain of Salisbury. The immediate fruit of his leisure was the "Arcadia."

Early readings of the romances of chivalry and the classics of Italian and Spanish literature, Sannazaro and Montemayor, supplied him with a form in which his fancy could freely develop itself. If the product appear to modern readers somewhat tedious and stilted, it may be fairly urged that alterations in the aspect of society and the standard of taste have rendered a just estimate of its merits scarcely possible. In an age when feudalism though languishing was by no means extinct, and its incidents of chivalric enterprise and physical prowess were newly resuscitated, when nature was still a fairyland, history a chronicle of traditions, and travel a revelation of marvels, an author might weave without effort, and his readers accept without surprise, a narrative of knight-errantry and pastoral innocence

such as in our own day would excite ridicule for its artificiality. The praises of Spenser, Milton, Cowley, and Waller among men of genius and letters, and the number of editions demanded by the public for two centuries, attest the unanimity of opinion which formerly prevailed respecting the "Arcadia." At the present day it may be read with curiosity rather than with pleasure. The most disparaging of its modern critics, however, cannot estimate the work less highly than did the author himself. Having composed it with no intention of publication, but for the amusement of his sister Lady Pembroke, to whom he sent the loose sheets as they were written, he left directions on his deathbed that it should be destroyed. The extraordinary esteem in which his memory was held induced her to disregard this request, and the work was published as "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," in 1590. Ben Jonson mentions having heard that Sidney contemplated moulding it into a romance on the Arthurian legends, but it is difficult to see how this could have been effected with the existing materials.

It would probably be a thankless task to unravel for modern readers the elaborate scheme of the "Arcadia." It narrates the fortunes of two young princes and bosom friends named Pyrocles and Musidorus, who, having been separated on a journey, after sundry perils by land and sea are reunited in Arcadia, where they penetrate the retreat in which the king's daughters have been sequestered, and win their affections. The difficulties, plots, and counterplots consequent upon this adventure occupy the greater part of the book. This treatment of such a subject admits of the utmost license, of which Sidney unsparingly avails himself. The reader is presented with an historic medley wherein the scenes and characters of classical and mediæval times intermingle with apparent harmony. "The Faery Queene" of Spenser and "The Princess" of Mr. Tennyson are approximate literary parallels. Though not boasting a definite moral purpose, the "Arcadia" is not less refined in tone than the former of these fictions. Judged by the standard of contemporary purity it takes a very high place. In style it is curiously unequal; some passages being remarkable for vigor and grace of expression, others marred by involution and diffuseness, with a perceptible flavor of the very pedantry that was satirized in "The Lady of the May." Allowance being made for the quaintness



peculiar to the writer's age, the intrinsic charm of such a passage as the following, which describes the first aspect of Arcadia, would in any age be secure of admiration:—

The third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets on the heavenly floor against the rising of the sun, they went on their journey. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble villages whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers, and thickets which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old, there a young shepherdess knitting and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

The following scattered sentences are pregnant with the fine moral sense which may be discerned in all Sidney's writings:—

There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil, but grows either as he holds himself up in virtue, or lets himself slide to viciousness.

True love hath that excellent nature in it that it doth transform the very essence of the lover unto the thing loved; uniting and as it were incorporating it with a secret and inward working.

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees: it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.

The two heroines are painted in the following passage:—

The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister; for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds. Philoclea so bashful as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware; so humble that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceedings as will stir hope but teach good manners: Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride.

One may discern a trace of partiality in the portraiture of the younger sister. Philoclea, in the opinion of Sidney's contemporaries and of some later critics, is a sketch from the life, or rather from the heart. After the fashion of the time, the matrimonial disposition of his hand had more than once been the subject of paternal negotiations. While still at Oxford, as already mentioned, he had been proffered by Sir Henry to Cecil, as a match for his daughter Anne, but the fathers disagreed on the question of settlements before their children felt any interest in its solution. The next transaction was far more serious. It is uncertain from which side overtures proceeded, but assuredly, in the bargain between Sir Henry Sidney and Walter, Earl of Essex, Philip did not conceal how much he had at stake. His passion for the beautiful Penelope Devereux, the "Philoclea" of his "Arcadia," the "Stella" of his sonnets, is one of those loves which take rank among historical events by their connection with literature. Its growth had been gradual, rising from the level of ordinary admiration to the height of a perfect surrender.

Not at first sight, nor yet with a dribbed shot  
Love gave the wound which while I breathe  
will bleed,  
But known worth did in mine of time proceed,  
But by degrees it had full conquest got.  
I saw and liked; I liked but loved not,  
I loved, but straight did not what love decreed;

At length to love's decrees I forced agreed.  
("Astrophel and Stella," Sonnet 2.)

When too late, he bitterly blamed himself (sonnets 11 and 33) for ever having dallied with a courtship of which love must and marriage might have been the happy issue. Apart from Sidney's own records of its progress, nearly all that can be told concerning his wooing is that it was unprosperous. No reproach for the miscarriage of the negotiations attaches to either of the parties immediately interested, nor did any mercenary motives actuate their parents. Sir Henry, while politically opposed to the earl, had no scruples about entertaining a proposal in which his son was so deeply interested. The earl, on his part, loved Philip as a son, and in 1576, when dying, sent him a message of affectionate trust that their common desire would be fulfilled. Had the father lived until his daughter was marriageable, its fulfilment would doubtless have been accomplished, but after his death, Lord Huntingdon, her guardian, resolved to provide her with a wealthier husband than



Philip, whose presumptive heirship to Leicester was determined in 1579 by the birth of a nephew. Lady Penelope herself, without perhaps avowedly reciprocating Sidney's affection at this time, was strongly averse to the person chosen in his stead, but her feeling in the matter was not consulted. In the course of 1581, she was compelled to become the wife of Robert Lord Rich, a man of large possessions, low intellect, and brutal manners.\*

The pleasures of literature, which had more than compensated Sidney for the loss of court preferences, proved insufficient to fill the void in his life. He turned for self-forgetfulness to the stronger interest of public duties. He had returned to London in the autumn of 1580, and early in the following year we find him a successful candidate for the representation of his native county in Parliament. There his decided Protestant bias made him a prominent supporter of the active measures which the government was driven in self-defence to take against the Catholics. His name appears on the committees appointed to settle the best course of legislation to be adopted on this subject. Foreign affairs engaged his attention at the same time, more particularly the policy of supporting the claims of Dom Antonio, the popular candidate for the throne of Portugal, against those of Philip II. of Spain, who was the legitimate heir. The distinguished position occupied by Sidney as a diplomatist, and the hostile feeling he was known to entertain against the Spanish monarch, pointed him out to Antonio as the fittest organ of communication with the English court. Sidney was strongly urged, and perhaps not indisposed, to join an armed expedition for the assertion of Antonio's title, but the scheme was eventually abandoned; the government, however willing to hinder the extension of Spanish rule, fearing to embroil the nation in war on a question of doubtful legality.

The remonstrances of her counsellors and the dislike of the nation had not overcome the queen's inclination to marriage with the Duc d'Anjou. His proposals were still entertained, and his hopes of success seemed promising. In April 1581, an embassy of unusual magnificence was despatched by the French government to urge the completion of the contract. The courtesy and splendor of the reception

accorded to these unwelcome guests strikingly illustrate the chivalrous spirit which animated the Elizabethan era. A train of the highest nobility accompanied them to a sumptuous banqueting-house erected at Westminster for their residence. Festive pageants had been prepared to do them honor. Sidney, as a leading political opponent, was among the foremost to accept the obligations of hospitality. At a tournament held upon Whitmonday and Tuesday, in the tiltyard adjoining Whitehall, he was one of the four young knights who, under the title of "foster-children of Desire" laying claim to the "Castle of Perfect Beauty," issued a challenge to all comers. A score of noble youths started forth to champion the queen, and amid the explosion of cannon charged with perfumed powders, showering of flower missiles, shouting of trumpets, and proclamations of heralds, the game was brilliantly played out. Sidney's gallant appearance on the occasion in blue and gilded armor is minutely portrayed by Holinshed's contemporary hand. With all its urbanity, the nation was as indisposed as ever to the design of the embassy. It gave general satisfaction when the duke, who followed his envoys in the course of the year, had as little success as they in prosecuting his suit, and left England without obtaining a definite answer. Sidney was one of the distinguished company selected to accompany him on his voyage to Flanders, where he had been made Duke of Brabant, in February 1582.

Sidney's literary studies, though now much interrupted, were not unproductive. In 1581, or the year following, he wrote the "Defence of Poesie." Originally intended as a fugitive protest against the extravagance of Puritanism,\* it still remains a charter and text-book of art, not readily to be matched for breadth of view and eloquence of advocacy. The characteristics of imagination, its scope, influence and value, are defined and illustrated, not in precise metaphysical language, but with fundamental accuracy and clearness. The principle of "improving upon nature," enounced by the great masters of idealism in painting, can hardly be stated more forcibly than in Sidney's words:—

Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done, neither

\* She is said to have protested "at the very solemnity and ever after." (Petition of Lord Devonshire, her second husband, to Jas. I., cited in Devereux's "Lives of Earls of Essex," i. 155).

\* It was probably written, as Mr. Lloyd suggests (preface to "Life," p. 8) in answer to "The Schoole of Abuse," a tirade "against poets, pipers, players, and their excusers," published by Stephen Gosson in 1579, and inscribed with a bad taste savoring of insult to Sidney himself.

with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen; the poets only deliver a golden.

To the Puritan fanatics of his day who objected to the cultivation of poetry that it tended to distract the mind from the stern realities of religion and morality, no exposure of their error could be more convincing than his reference to the parables of Christ.

Our Saviour Christ could as well have given the moral commonplaces of uncharitableness and humbleness as the divine narration of Dives and Lazarus, or of disobedience and mercy as that heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father, but that his thorough searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in hell and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and the judgment.

Not less just if less permanently valuable are Sidney's criticisms upon what had already been achieved and was in process of achievement by English poets. In an age of so much ardor and so little experience there was great need of a teacher who should unite wisdom with warmth. That Sidney was well fitted to supply the want, is attested by the moderation of his tone and the catholicity of his illustrations. How opportunely he draws attention to the dignity and pathos of the Hebrew Scriptures, then recently introduced to English readers! What critic before or long after him dreamed of detecting poetic beauty in our national ballads? Though too much fettered by the authority of Aristotle, and the laws of unity handed down from the Greek stage, to make due allowance for the freedom of dramatic genius, he hits some palpable blots in the practice of contemporary playwrights, and lays down a sensible code for their guidance. The poetical works of his age which he singles out for praise, Lord Surrey's "Sonnets," Sackville's "Mirror for Magistrates," and Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," have survived to justify his appreciation; though he shows less than his usual discernment in objecting to the "rustic style" in which the shepherds of the latter speak, because Theocritus and Sannazaro had not set the example. His censure of the prevailing fashion in lyrical poetry is too indefinite to be quite intelligible to us, but its application was doubtless plain enough to the writers indicated and their readers. Without attempting to decide how much influence his verdicts

exercised upon his age, it may be safe to question if in their absence the impulsive and undisciplined energy then at work would not have shown even more erratic tendencies.

He was not less adapted for the office of teacher by his intimate relations with men of letters. With Spenser, Raleigh, Nash, Harvey, Camden, Hakluyt, and other pioneers of the great exodus then achieved by English intellect from the Egypt of scholastic formalism and traditional ignorance into the promised land of art and science, he trod side by side, at once a generous rival and a staunch ally.

One of his earliest efforts was the formation, in company with Spenser, Harvey, and other friends, of a society called the *Areopagus*, which was to lay the foundations of a poetic school. The attempt was too ambitious to succeed, and the members, at the instance of Harvey, who was eminently a pedant, seem to have chiefly occupied themselves in trying curious experiments with classical metres. Some of Sidney's indifferent performances of this kind are introduced into the "*Arcadia*." The training thus obtained, however, was doubtless of service both to himself and Spenser, who were men of too much genius to submit to such trammels, and whose best poetry shows no trace of the constraint. Spenser's "*Shepherd's Calendar*," published anonymously in 1579, was dedicated to Sidney in language expressing no ordinary sense of affectionate obligation:—

Go, little book! thyself present,  
As child whose parent is unkent,  
To him that is the president  
Of noblesse and of chivalry;  
And if that envy bark at thee,  
As sure it will, for succor flee  
Under the shadow of his wing.

Throughout their lives this charming friendship continued on the same footing.

Sidney's was one of those prompt, energetic brains that find interest in every field of intellectual action, and to which no appeal for sympathy comes amiss. Books on every conceivable subject—metaphysics, logic, poetry, divinity, warfare, travel, geography, history—were inscribed to him at various times. The readiness with which literary patronage is tendered cannot, indeed, always be taken as a measure of the patron's discernment or generosity; but Sidney's favors took a form either of munificence, of sympathy, or of courtesy, that distinguished them from the ordinary type. Spenser's grateful remembrance of them was characteristically

expressed in his pastoral monody of "Astrophel," written after Sidney's death. Nor less genuine was the tribute of regret rendered by Nash in "Pierce Penniless:"—

Gentle Sir Philip Sidney! thou knewest what belonged to a scholar; thou knewest what pains, what toil, what travail, conduct to perfection. Well could'st thou give every virtue its encouragement, every art its due, every writer his deserts, 'cause none more virtuous, witty, or learned than thyself! But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory; too few to cherish the sons of the Muses, or water those budding hopes with their plenty which thy bounty erst planted.

The area of Sidney's literary interests was not restricted to England. Authors of all nations, in all departments of learning, found in him an instructed and friendly reader. Henry Stephens, Lipsius, and Gentilis the scholars, Giordano Bruno the philosopher, Banosius and Danæus the divines, were among his correspondents, and inscribers of volumes to his fame. Bruno dedicated to Sidney that rare and curious book, "*Lo Spaccio della Bestia trionfante*," which helped to consign the Italian philosopher to the stake, and we think that he was the guest of Sidney when in England. With the Continent he maintained a regular intercourse by employing agents to purchase for him at the great book-fairs of Frankfort and Leipsic. "The universities abroad and at home," says Lord Brooke, "communicated every invention or improvement of knowledge with him."

The most remarkable of his later writings, both on account of their intrinsic merit and of the circumstances attending their production, are his sonnets and songs, most of which were composed before 1583, and are known under the collective title of "Astrophel and Stella," although others not therein included plainly form part of the same series. With respect to their literary merit there has been little change in critical opinion since the date of their publication. From such a contemporary judge as Raleigh they won for their author the epithet of the "Petrarch of our time;" and they remain to the present day the most popular of his writings. The qualities displayed in them, with the possession of which he would not otherwise have been credited, well entitle them to this distinction. Brilliancy of imagination and terseness of expression are uncommon excellencies in the prose portions of the "Arcadia," and are almost foreign to the verse.

In the sonnets, tameness and redundancy are equally exceptional. Images of refined beauty, words of choice significance, measured with a musical accuracy never common and then extremely rare, give these poems a peculiar charm. As examples of his epigrammatic force, take the following lines, one expressing the thralldom of passion:—

Since naked Sense can conquer Reason armed;  
another, the weapons of a scornful mistress:—

Thundered disdains and lightnings of disgrace;

a third the characteristics of mental disease:—

Infected minds infect each thing they see.

The luscious language of erotic poetry, usually so cloying upon alien ears, is seldom distasteful from Sidney's lips. The well-worn theme of physical beauty takes a fresh tint from the brush which can paint its features so delicately. Three lines sum up a few of his daintiest phrases:—

Think now no more to hear of warm fine-  
odored snow,  
Nor blushing lilies, nor pearls' ruby-hidden  
row,  
Nor of that golden sea whose waves in curls  
are broken.

Such a vignette as this speaks for his grace of handling:—

But when birds charm, and that sweet air  
which is  
Morn's messenger, with rose-enamelled skies  
Calls each wight to salute the flower of bliss.

The lovers of literary parallels will find interesting material in these sonnets for comparison with later poetry. Too much stress may easily be laid upon coincidence in such cases, and we are not even prepared to dispute the right of men of genius to steal judiciously from their forerunners. If, however, the question of originality should ever be raised, it should be remembered that the famous apostrophes to sleep which are consecrated by the names of Shakespeare and Young,\* are long posterior to the following lines of Sidney:—

The certain knot of peace,  
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and  
low.

\* 2 Hen. IV., iii. 1; Macbeth, iii. 4; Night Thoughts, book i.

To what extent subsequent inspiration has been assisted by his exquisite sonnet, commencing

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st  
the skies,  
How silently, and with how wan a face;

may be more readily surmised than ascertained.

It must be admitted that the beauties of these poems are balanced by serious defects. There are few not disfigured by conceits and other false ornaments, especially by the puerile playing upon words which the Elizabethans seem to have mistaken for brilliancy and point. One of the few which are absolutely free from this imperfection has a peculiar interest as a reflection of the writer's motives:—

Stella, think not that I by verse seek fame,  
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee;

Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history:  
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.  
Not so ambitious am I, as to frame

A nest for my young praise in laurel-tree:  
In truth I swear, I wish not there should be  
Graved in mine epitaph a poet's name:  
Ne if I would, I could just title make  
That any laud to me thereof should grow,  
Without my plumes from others' wings I take.  
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,  
Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,  
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

("Astrophel and Stella," Sonnet 90.)

When the circumstances of their production are duly weighed, it will be matter for wonder that the sonnets are so comparatively faultless. A far worse charge, however, than viciousness of taste has been brought against them, which a comprehension of these circumstances is required to disprove. William Godwin, after admitting these poems to contain "some of the finest examples in this species of composition that the world can produce," enters a protest against their author's "making a public exhibition of such addresses to a married woman, speaking contemptuously of the husband, and employing all the arts of poetical seduction to contaminate the mind of the woman he adores." This charge has been reiterated by Mr. Bourne, who talks (p. 283) of Sidney's return to court in the autumn of 1580 as actuated by the design of paying "homage to another sovereign, to Penelope Devereux, now Lady Rich;"\*

\* Sidney's latest biographer, Mr. Lloyd, points out the error into which Mr. Bourne has fallen in this instance, by omitting to allow for the distinction between the historical and the legal year. Penelope's marriage

interprets a poem called "The Smokes of Melancholy" (which has no apparent connection with "Stella" or any one else) to mean that he was "resolved to go on courting her, and to court her more zealously than ever, now that she was another man's wife" (p. 290); and cites two sonnets as examples of his tendered homage. "Without question," adds Mr. Bourne, "Stella liked such praise. There was no prudery or delicacy fashionable at court by the rules of which it could be condemned. The only fault found in him was that he paid his vows to one alone" (pp. 317-8). All these phrases assume that the sonnets collectively were addressed to her after her marriage, and circulated within the sphere of the court where he was already recognized as her lover, and the singer of "sweet notes which every one rejoiced to hear."

For all that appears to the contrary, many of these sonnets were addressed to an imaginary personage; others obviously belong to the period before "Stella's" marriage. As to the rest, the answer to the charge of publication must be one of point-blank denial. "Astrophel and Stella" was never given to the world by its author; but surreptitiously obtained in 1591, five years after his death, and printed by Thomas Nash.\* This fact, of itself, accounts for the disordered condition in which the poems appear, and offers a fatal objection *in limine* to any positive interpretation of their meaning. Mr. Lloyd justly remarks, "How arbitrary and insecure is the critical process of educing facts from the scattered verses of a dead poet, especially when printed, as these were, without so much as a friendly editor to arrange them!"

To the unquenched affection and chivalrous temper of Sidney, the sight of the misery endured by his lovely mistress as the wife of Lord Rich—a titled boor with whom she lived in "continual discord"—must have caused the keenest torture, and the provocation to rescue her from slavery have been well nigh irresistible. Every impulse of passion rose in arms against the dictates of social law and moral principle. These sonnets contain, as we cannot doubt, the history of this strife.† Hatred and contempt for the

could not have occurred until after March 20, 1580, when the letter of Lord Hunsington, which he cites, speaks of it as only projected. Sidney's return to court accordingly preceded this event by several months.

\* *Vide* the "Life of Spenser," by J. Payne Collier (1862), p. 94.

† In the opinion thus formed after an independent study of the sonnets, we are glad to find ourselves in

author of the wrong, tender pity and burning devotion for the victim, wild cursings of fate, convulsive ecstasies of pleasure, hysterical jests at pain, fond delusions of conscience, tenacious resolutions of virtue, are all portrayed in them. Sidney would have been more than human had he yielded to the exigencies of duty without such a struggle. But "the whole of Sidney's blameless life" is, as Mr. Lloyd argues, "a vindication of his character" from an *à priori* assumption of his guilt. The sonnets themselves, however, bear ample testimony to his honorable sensibility and tender reserve. In favor of the presumption that they were characteristic vents of uncontrollable emotion, designed for no eye but the author's, many passages may be cited. In sonnet 34 he declares that his "end" is "to ease a burthened heart."

As good to write as for to lie and groan,  
is the opening of another outburst (sonnet 40). Answering an imaginary objection that his words, if published, would be thought "fond" by the wise, he exclaims (sonnet 34):—

Then be they close, and so shall none dis-  
please :  
What idler thing than speak and not be heard ?  
What harder thing than smart and not to  
speak ?

The same mood may have suggested sonnet 90, already quoted, which deprecates the idea of writing for fame. In sonnet 50 he speaks of his verses as necessary to express the fulness of thoughts which

Cannot be stayed within my panting breast ;  
yet often doomed to destruction as soon  
as written by reason of their inadequacy :—

So that I cannot choose but write my mind,  
And cannot choose but put out what I write,  
While these poor babes their death in birth  
do find.

To the enforced concealment of his passion from the court-circle in which he moved, and the erroneous surmises made there as to the cause of his mental abstraction, he repeatedly alludes (sonnets 23, 27, 30, 54). In refutation of the charge "that Sidney professed without shame his love for Lady Rich," Mr. Lloyd calls attention to the language of Spenser's "Astrophel." "In that beautiful elegy, written after Sidney's death, and inscribed to his widow, the name of Stella is given

accord with Mr. Lloyd, who succinctly describes them as "exhibiting the struggle in a noble mind between conscience and passion with the final victory of the right" (p. 125).

to her, which would be inconceivable if the world had already learned to associate it with another woman. The author of 'The Mourning Muse of Thestylis' (Lewis Bryskyt) describes Lady Sidney more evidently under the name of Stella."

Continually brought into contact as Sidney and Lady Rich seem to have been by their attendance at court, it would have been impossible for him, indeed, to conceal from her the intensity of his feeling, even had duty demanded the effort. It was natural enough in that age of gallantry that Sidney should have still breathed his affection to her when fitting opportunity offered :—

Oft with true sighs, oft with uncalled tears,  
Now with slow words, now with dumb elo-  
quence.

But how purely she acted, and how wisely she counselled him under circumstances so difficult and painful, may be read in sonnets 61, 62, 69, and in the eighth song. His own suffering in the attempt to reconcile the claims of "desire" and "pure love" is told in the seventy-first and seventy-second sonnets. The general strain of these utterances refutes the charge which on the strength of a few isolated expressions has been levelled against his purity, and justifies the reply thus made to a supposed accuser :—

If that be sin which doth the manners frame  
Well stayed with truth in word and faith of  
deed,  
Ready of wit and fearing nought but shame ;  
If that be sin which in fixed hearts doth  
breed  
A loathing of all loose unchastity,  
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be.  
(Sonnet 14.)

But the temptation was too hazardous to be long sustained. Her pathetic entreaty, "lest . . . I should blush when thou art named,"\* and his own deepest conviction combined to urge that he was forced

By iron laws of duty to depart.

The "Farewell," included among his miscellaneous sonnets, may be reasonably assigned to this period, and its grave, tender music well denotes the solemnity which attached to the crisis :—

Oft have I mused, but now at length I find  
Why those that die, men say "they do de-  
part" !

\* The favorable impression of "Stella's" character that we are led to form from her conduct at this period is contradicted by her subsequent history. Some years later she yielded to a second lover, Lord Mountjoy, the fortress once impregnable. Sidney's eyes were mercifully blinded by imagination to a doubt of her stability, and by death to a knowledge of her shame.



Depart, a word so gentle to my mind,  
Weakly did seem to paint Death's ugly dart.  
But now the stars with their strange course do  
bind  
Me one to leave with whom I leave my  
heart,  
I hear a cry of spirits faint and blind  
That parting thus my chiefest part I part.

The ultimate issue of the contest thus  
waged is summed up in the last of his mis-  
cellaneous sonnets which completes the  
entire series:—

Leave me, O Love! which reachest but to dust,  
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;  
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust,  
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings;  
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might  
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms  
be;  
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the  
light,  
That doth both shine and give us sight to  
see.  
O take fast hold, let that light be thy guide,  
In this small course which birth draws out  
to death,  
And think how evil becometh him to slide  
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly  
breath!  
Then farewell world! thy uttermost I see:  
Eternal Love! maintain thy life in me!  
*Splendidis longum vale-dico nugis.*

Having taken the manly resolve of riv-  
eting his allegiance to honor, Sidney, in  
the spring of 1583, became the husband  
of Frances, only daughter of Sir Francis  
Walsingham. Little is recorded concern-  
ing this lady, but the esteem and fidelity  
which he gave her until death constitute  
the best testimony that could be afforded  
to her virtues.

Walsingham, now secretary of state,  
had commenced his acquaintance with  
Sidney in Paris, and it had since ripened  
into intimacy. Foremost among Eliza-  
bethan statesmen for subtlety and wisdom,  
he heartily appreciated the honor and in-  
tegrity of his illustrious son-in-law. He  
frankly conceded his superiority in diplo-  
macy, and urged its recognition upon the  
government. The queen, however, was  
habitually chary of substantial favors to  
any but those who were willing, like Lei-  
cester and Hatton, to purchase them by  
incessant flattery. Towards Sir Henry  
Sidney, who served her long and faithfully,  
she showed herself a grudging mistress,  
nor was she much more generous to the  
son, for whom she professed particular re-  
gard. Having been chosen by his friend,  
Prince Casimir, to stand as his proxy when  
installed as a Knight of the Garter, in  
January 1583, Philip had indeed been

knighted, but this rank was conferred on  
him in compliance with the laws of the  
order, not as a personal honor. It was  
probably owing to Walsingham's influence  
that later in the same year he obtained the  
promise of being associated with his un-  
cle, Lord Warwick, in the post of master  
of the ordnance, but the appointment was  
delayed for two years longer. In the  
mean time he appears to have held some  
subordinate military offices, with the rank  
of general.

From the date of his marriage his inter-  
est in politics became more keenly active.  
In common with his father-in-law, Leices-  
ter, and the ablest statesmen of the day,  
he deplored the "coquettish policy" which  
Elizabeth pursued during the great strug-  
gle between Spain and the Netherlands.  
Cordially as she hated the one and sym-  
pathized with the other, she could not  
summon sufficient resolution to declare  
absolutely for either. Hitherto she had  
injured rather than benefited the good  
cause. Reckoning upon her indecision  
the common enemy had taken heart.  
Philip II.'s illustrious general, Parma, was  
rapidly regaining, by victories in the cabi-  
net and the field, all that had been torn  
from Spain by the skill and daring of Wil-  
liam of Orange. Assassins daily threat-  
ened the life of the stadtholder, and, if he  
fell, who could take his place? In France,  
Henry III. had recently reconciled him-  
self to the League, and their united forces  
were on the point of concentration against  
the Huguenots. England, if her co-re-  
ligionists were defeated, would undoubt-  
edly be the next object of attack, but she  
was still supine and lukewarm.

Sidney's strongest desires were excited  
to remove this national reproach. If the  
queen feared directly to assist the Nether-  
landers by accepting their proffered sov-  
ereignty, or strengthening their army, she  
could serve them indirectly by attacking  
Spain. Rich and comparatively defence-  
less cities like Cadiz and Seville offered  
an easy prize, and there was a weaker  
point yet in those American colonies,  
newly added to the domain of Catholicism,  
from which it was deriving an immense  
revenue. These, he thought, might be  
successfully assailed, and the English rule  
and Protestant faith be substituted there.  
With this view he actively promoted the  
expeditions of discovery which the national  
enterprise had been organizing during the  
last ten years. In 1583 he obtained letters-  
patent to explore and colonize unknown  
parts of America; but apparently finding  
too much occupation at home to undertake



the expedition himself, soon afterwards assigned his chief interest in this grant to Sir George Peckham, who had been associated with Raleigh and his half-brother, the gallant Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in earlier schemes of colonization. Sidney continued to take the warmest interest in all these undertakings, and was a member of the committee, appointed in December 1585, to consider the confirmation required for Raleigh's new letters-patent. Another project, of which his mind had been full since the date of his mission to Vienna, was the formation of "a general league among free princes," for offensive and defensive operations against Spain. Lord Brooke enters at large into his views, which he seems to have lost no opportunity of urging upon the queen and Burghley. His arguments so far prevailed that on an embassy being proposed to convey the queen's expression of condolence with Henry III., on the death of her old lover, Anjou, in June 1584, Sidney was selected for the envoy, with instructions to make use of the occasion to moot the subject of an anti-Spanish alliance. The embassy was not sent, owing to the king's prolonged absence in the south of France, and the increasing signs of his indisposition to assist the Protestant cause. Sidney was able, however, to render the Huguenots some service by his successful advocacy of the petitions for aid preferred to the queen by Duplessis Mornay, with whom he was in constant correspondence.

A translation of a philosophical treatise by Mornay upon the truth of Christianity was commenced by Sidney about this time, but relinquished for want of leisure. What little attention he could now give to literature was devoted to political ends. The danger of assassination by Catholic emissaries which threatened Elizabeth, induced her leading statesmen to form an association for her defence. Leicester, as its originator, incurred a storm of calumny from the Jesuit press. One of the most virulent and widely circulated libels upon him was entitled "A Dialogue between a Scholar, a Gentleman, and a Lawyer," but popularly known as "Leicester's Commonwealth." In it the writer raked up every scandal which malice, ignorance, and suspicion had fastened upon the earl's reputation; alleging, among other things, his spurious descent from a Sussex mechanic, and holding up his career as a politician to the alternate ridicule and alarm of his countrymen. Leicester's defence was undertaken by his nephew, whose answer to this attack is the last work known to have

proceeded from his pen. It was probably written hastily, and at all events has few of his characteristic graces of style. The libels on the earl's private reputation, being too gross and unsupported by proofs to require a detailed rebuttal, are dismissed with a contemptuous denial. The petty slander upon the Dudleys is answered at greater length, partly, no doubt, from a feeling of family pride, partly, perhaps, because it had gained credence among men not inimical to the earl. Sidney concludes with a triumphant exposure of the pamphlet's logical fallacies, and a cartel of defiance to the author, whose cloth was not at the time recognized.

The need of such an association as the earl had set on foot was quickly demonstrated. On July 10, 1584, the blow long dreaded by the Protestants of Europe was decisively struck. William of Orange was assassinated by an emissary of Philip II. Elizabeth was partially aroused from her lethargy at the tidings. An English agent "wrote from Holland immediately after the murder, warning the queen to be more than ever on her guard. The seminary at Dieppe, placed upon the brim of England," was constantly sending Scotch and English assassins into their own country. . . . The same machinery" of slaughter, rapine, and tyranny, that had been set at work in the Netherlands, "aided by the pistol or poniard of the assassin, was to substitute for English Protestantism and England's queen the Roman Catholic religion and a foreign sovereign."\* The undaunted Estates of Holland, in the midst of their mourning, passed a resolution to maintain the cause of religious liberty to the death. But they sorely needed a leader and help of men and money. The negotiations with England, which had dragged on a painful existence for years, were actively renewed. After a fruitless attempt to obtain aid from France, Elizabeth was again, and with more formality than before, prayed to accept the sovereignty of Spain's revolted subjects. In June 1585 the Dutch ambassadors were despatched to receive her definite reply. It was couched in language honorable both to herself and the States, whom she promised to assist but wisely declined to govern. Her acts were not worthy of her words. A protracted bargaining took place between the two governments, on the subject of the requisite guarantees.

\* Motley's "United Netherlands," vol. i., pp. 3 et seq.

The queen's parsimony disgusted her best friends, and nearly alienated the confidence of the States. The terms at last agreed upon were that "a permanent force of five thousand foot and one thousand horse should serve in the provinces at the queen's expense, and the cities of Flushing and Brill should be placed in her Majesty's hands until the entire reimbursement of the debt thus incurred by the States."\* The Earl of Leicester was to be the general of the English army and the queen's representative in the Netherlands.

Sidney, who had labored so hard to advance this alliance, could not be inactive now that it was accomplished. He solicited the queen for employment in the forthcoming campaign, but received no satisfactory answer. Just then he appears to have been out of favor, owing to his honest exposure of the disgraceful condition to which the parsimony of the government had reduced the national defences, over which, as master of the ordnance, he maintained vigilant supervision. Disappointed at seeing all the posts in the new service filled up to his exclusion, he resolved upon joining Drake's expedition to the Spanish main, just on the eve of starting. Having so often been refused, he would not again run the risk of asking permission. Moving with great secrecy, he levied a band of thirty young gentlemen "of blood and state," each of whom was to advance 100*l.*, and serve as a volunteer under him. Drake, however, apprehensive that Sidney would carry off the glory of the expedition, privately sent tidings of this scheme to the court. The queen hastily despatched a messenger to Plymouth forbidding Sidney to embark. In a fit of exasperation he is said to have disguised two sailors to intercept the royal missive, but the plot failed of success. A nobleman, personally known to him, was sent after the messenger, and arrived in time to repeat the queen's veto, to which she attached a promise of large recompense. Sidney unwillingly obeyed, but in a few days received an appointment to the governorship of Flushing, with the rank of general of horse under Leicester.

The appointment was one of no mean dignity; Flushing, as "the key to the navigation of the northern seas, and the commercial capital of Zealand," being well entitled to Sir Philip's description of it—"a jewel to the crown of England, and

to the queen's safety." Honor, however, as it proved, was all that the governor ever obtained from his office. He entered upon it one stormy day in November 1585, landing with a small force at Rammekins. A young scholar and metaphysician of Cambridge, William Temple, accompanied him as secretary. Lady Sidney, who had recently given birth to a child, named Elizabeth after its royal godmother, remained in England until a house could be procured for her reception.

Three weeks after his nephew's modest arrival, Leicester made his magnificent entry into the States. The history of the Anglo-Flemish campaign has received an exhaustive and pictorial treatment from the pen of the great American historian, Mr. Motley. The information it affords touching the difficulties thrown in the earl's path by the tortuous policy and official mismanagement of his superiors will go far to exculpate him from the discredit hitherto attaching to his career. With all his ambition he proved himself truly earnest in the cause, and with all his imprudence, more far-seeing than his employers. Elizabeth's vacillating temper, and Burghley's love of intrigue made it impossible for a man who pursued a definite line of conduct to escape collision with one or both. Her instructions that he should act as her representative without taking on himself any foreign rank, were so vague and impracticable in the anarchical condition of the States, that he might well be excused for accepting the title of governor-general. The queen's inconsistent and unreasonable orders, her passionate wrath at his disobedience, and her tenderness on the first tokens of contrition, betrayed the weak side of her nature in its most pitiable aspect. The intrigues for peace which Burghley carried on with the wily and treacherous emissaries of Spain were yet more calamitous blunders. Undertaken without the knowledge even of Walsingham, still less of Leicester or the States, they gave the king leisure to develop his real intentions of crushing his rebel subjects and subsequently invading England. Meantime the frugal queen, relying on her minister's successful diplomacy, considered it a waste of money to provide her army with decent appointments, or even to pay its wages regularly. "The English troops, in Mr. Motley's words, "were mere shoeless, shivering, starving vagabonds." Leicester "advanced very large sums of money from his own pocket to relieve their necessity." Sidney, of course, was no uncon-

\* Motley, vol. i., p. 341.

cerned spectator of the misgovernment which occasioned such suffering. While he boldly censured the one, he impoverished himself to alleviate the other. His extant letters to Walsingham and Burghley attest this without ostentation. In a private letter to the former he thus speaks of his own position :—

I had before cast my count of danger, want and disgrace, and before God, sir, it is true in my heart, the love of the cause doth so far overbalance them all, that, with God's grace, they shall never make me weary of my resolution. If her Majesty were the fountain, I would fear, considering what I daily find, that we should wax dry; but she is but a means whom God useth; and, I know not whether I am deceived, but I am faithfully persuaded that if she should withdraw herself, other springs would arise to help this action. . . . I think a wise and constant man ought never to grieve while he doth play, as a man may say, his own part truly, though others be out. . . . For me, I cannot promise of my own course, because I know there is a higher Power that must uphold me, or else I shall fall; but certainly I trust I shall not by other men's wants be drawn from myself. . . . I understand I am called very ambitious and proud at home, but certainly if they knew my heart, they would not altogether so judge me.

The ground of the accusation here alluded to was his promotion by Leicester, in February 1586, to the vacant colonelcy of the Zealand regiment. The earl, according to Lord Brooke, was far from disposed to overrate his nephew's military capacity, but formed such a different estimate of it on further acquaintance as to justify his fullest confidence. The first objection to the appointment was raised by Count Hohenlo, general of the Netherlands army, a man whose fiery, imperious temper brought him more than once into collision with his colleagues. The queen's injudicious conduct in lowering her representative in the opinion of her allies, brought, as a natural consequence, suspicion upon all his acts. Hohenlo's contention that the earl had violated the principle which regulated promotion by seniority was reiterated by the Dutch officers generally. They at the same time assured Sidney that they had no personal feeling towards him, but "wished him all honor." Leicester refused to cancel the appointment, and was supported by the opinion not only of his own officers, but of Prince Maurice, son of William of Orange, a youth of rare precocity, recently elected stadtholder. Sir Philip's chivalric bearing and kindly temper soon reconciled to his elevation those who had

been foremost in opposing it, not excepting Hohenlo, and Leicester's justification was soon made apparent.

Inexperienced as Sidney was in military affairs, his conduct of two or three enterprises entrusted to him elicited the applause of veteran officers. The most important was the surprise of Axel, a strong, commanding fortress on the estuary of the Scheldt. Prince Maurice first conceived the design of attack, and obtained leave from Leicester to communicate it to Sidney, with whom he had formed a firm friendship. Having concerted their plans, the young men parted, each to work out a separate portion. While Leicester distracted the enemy's attention by a feigned movement, Sidney and Lord Willoughby contrived to convey by night a force of one thousand men, English and Zealanders, across the Scheldt from Flushing to Ter Neuse, where the prince joined them with a larger troop. They reached Axel by two in the morning. Sidney made a spirited address to his men, who eagerly responded to his enthusiasm. Finding the moat round the town full of water, a few of the boldest, with ladders on their backs, leaped in and swam across. The walls were scaled, the guard cut down, and the gates thrown open. After a hot fight the assailants mastered the garrison without losing a man. "Sidney," says Mr. Motley, "most generously rewarded from his own purse the adventurous soldiers who had swum the moat; and it was to his care and intelligence that the success of Prince Maurice's scheme was generally attributed."

Another though less signal occasion established his reputation for vigilance. La Motte, commander of the beleaguered fortress of Gravelines, counting perhaps on his antagonist's youth, made treacherous overtures of capitulation to him, with the view of entrapping the besiegers and massacring one and all. Sidney was not deceived by this bait. Communicating his suspicions to his men, he announced his intention of running the hazard alone. Being urged by many of the troop to let them accompany him, he long refused, but at last consented that lots should be drawn. His name was not among the chosen few. On entering Gravelines, this forlorn hope met with the fate that his fears had predicted. But for his precaution, the loss might have been reckoned by hundreds instead of tens. He was destined to exhibit but one more proof of capacity for the career to which he had devoted his life. By a merciful ordinance, his parents,

who had watched its progress with the proudest interest, died within a few months of each other, just before the sudden eclipse that would have overwhelmed them with gloom.

In August 1586, Leicester assembled his troops at Arnheim, which he made his headquarters. After reducing Doesburg, he prepared to besiege Zutphen, an important town on the Yssel. The garrison was in sore need of provisions, which Parma, before marching to its relief, determined to supply. A convoy of corn, meat, and other necessities, sufficient to victual the place for three months, was accordingly collected, and on the 22nd September left the Spanish camp. So high was Parma's estimate of the importance of preserving Zutphen, that the escort despatched with the convoy numbered twenty-nine hundred foot and six hundred horse. Leicester was informed of the enemy's movement but not of the force which protected it. An ambuscade of five hundred men, under Sir John Norris, was held sufficient to intercept the convoy. About fifty young officers volunteered to add their services. This gallant band was composed of the flower of the English army; of the hot-blooded Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, of the famous ballad-hero —

The brave Lord Willoughby,  
Of courage fierce and fell,  
Who would not give an inch of way  
For all the devils in hell;

of Lord North, who, rising from his bed where he lay with a musket-shot in the leg, now rode "with one boot on and one boot off;" Lord Audley, Sir William Pelham, marshal of the camp, Sir William Russell, with a score more cast in the same heroic mould, and among the foremost Sir Philip Sidney. It was indeed "an incredible extravagance to send a handful of such heroes against an army," but Leicester can scarcely be blamed for failing to restrain the impulsive ardor which animated his entire staff. Sidney's characteristic magnanimity betrayed him that day into a fatal excess. He had risen at the first sound of the trumpet and left his tent completely armed, but observing that Sir William Pelham, an older soldier, had not protected his legs with cuishes, returned and threw off his own.

The morning was cold and densely foggy, as the little company galloped forth to join their comrades in ambush. Just as they came up, Sir John Norris had caught the first sounds of the approaching

convoy. Almost at the same moment the fog cleared off and revealed at what terrible odds the battle was to be fought that day. Mounted arquebusiers, pikemen and musketeers on foot, Spaniards, Italians, and even, it is said, Albanians, to the number of thirty-five hundred, guarded the wagons before and behind. The English were but five hundred and fifty men. Yet among them all, the historian has the right of blood to say with confidence, "There was no thought of retreat." The indomitable national spirit embodied itself in the war-cry of young Essex: "Follow me, good fellows, for the honor of England and England's queen!" At the word a hundred horsemen, Sidney in the midst, with lance in hand and curtel-axe at saddle-bow, spurred to the charge. The enemy's cavalry broke, but the musketeers in the rear fired a deadly volley, under cover of which it formed anew. A second charge re-broke it. In the onset Sidney's horse was killed, but he remounted and rode forward. Lord Willoughby, after unhorsing and capturing the Albanian leader, lost his own horse. Attacked on all sides, he must have fallen or yielded, when Sidney came to the rescue and struck down his assailants. Individual valor, however, proved unavailing against the might of numbers. After nearly two hours' desperate opposition, the convoy still made way. Charge succeeded charge in the vain effort to prevent its effecting a junction with the garrison, two thousand of whom were waiting for the right moment to sally forth. In the last of these onsets, Sir Philip's impetuosity carried him within musket-shot of the camp. A bullet struck his unprotected leg, just above the knee, and shattered the bone. He endeavored to remain on the field, but his horse became unmanageable, and in agonies of pain and thirst he rode back to the English quarters, a mile and a half distant. An incident of that ride, as told in the quaint language of Lord Brooke, retains the immortal charm of pathos which commands our tears, how often soever repeated:—

In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink which was presently brought him, but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along who had eaten his last at that same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." And when he had

pledged this poor soldier, he was presently carried to Arnheim.

The *aurea catena* of heroic actions, Christian and pagan, may contain examples of self-denial sublimer and more absolute than this; but in the blended grace and tenderness of its knightly courtesy, we know not where to find its parallel.

Leicester met his nephew as he was borne back to the camp, and burst into a genuine passion of sorrow. Many a rough soldier among those who, in returning from the failure of their impossible enterprise, now came up with their comrade, was unmannered for the first time that day. Sir William Russell, as tender-hearted as he was daring, embraced him weeping, and kissed his hand amid broken words of admiration and sympathy. But Sidney needed no consolation. "I would," said Leicester, in a letter to Sir Thomas Heneage, "you had stood by to hear his most loyal speeches to her Majesty, his constant mind to the cause, his loving care over me, and his most resolute determination for death; not one jot appalled for his blow, which is the most grievous that ever I saw with such a bullet." In this frame of mind the wounded knight was conveyed to the camp, and thence by water to Arnheim.

The English surgeons at first gave hopes of his speedy restoration to health, and the favorable news was sent to England. Lady Sidney, who had followed him to Flushing some months before, at once hastened to him, but with no idea of his danger. The nation at large thought him convalescent. He himself, however, never expected to recover, although submitting with fortitude to whatever systems of treatment were proposed. Nothing was left untried that affection could suggest or the imperfect science of the age effect. His wife tenderly nursed him, and his two younger brothers were constantly at his side. His *quondam* foe, Count Hohenlo, though himself dangerously wounded, sent off his own physician, Adrian Van del Spiegel, to his aid. After examining the injuries Adrian pronounced them mortal, and then hastened back to the count, whose case was not so desperate. "Away, villain!" cried the generous soldier in a transport of wrath; "never see my face again till thou bring better news of that man's recovery, for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost!"

From the first to the last moment of his sufferings Sir Philip's temper was calm and cheerful. During the three weeks

that he lingered at Arnheim he occupied himself with the thoughts befitting a death-bed; discoursing to his intimate associates and to the divines who attended him of the soul's immortality as taught by Plato and by Christ, and the religious principles which his life had illustrated. By letters to absent friends, and detailed bequests in his will, he took a loving leave of the world, and in one last strain of song, which he entitled, with pathetic significance, "*La Cuisse rompue*," he laid his cherished pursuits aside forever. On the 17th of October he felt himself dying, and summoned his friends to say farewell. His latest words were addressed to his brother Robert: "Love my memory; cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are honest. But, above all things, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities." When powerless to speak, he replied to the entreaty of friends, who desired some token of his steadfast trust in God, by clasping his hands in the attitude of prayer, and a few moments afterwards had ceased to breathe.

The lamentation which his death excited was unparalleled in the annals of England. Her ally vied with her in demonstrations of respect, and her enemy forgot for a moment his virulence. The States petitioned Elizabeth to allow them to inter their champion at their own cost, pledging themselves to erect "as fair a monument as has ever been set up for any king or emperor in Christendom, yea, though the same should cost half a ton of gold in the building," but this offer was with much propriety declined. The corpse was carried to Flushing and thence to England. It lay for some time in state at the dissolved convent of the Minories, and on February 16, 1587, was interred at St. Paul's. Amid solemn strains of music, a procession of deputies from the States, English peers, gentlemen and citizens, thirty-two paupers "to the number of his years," heralds with trailing standards, soldiers with reversed weapons, and the dead knight's riderless steed followed the bier. The grave was closed amid a volley of musketry. Elegies and panegyrics amounting, it is said, to two hundred, Spenser's "*Astrophel*" among the number, were published as tributes to Sidney's memory. A stronger evidence of national sorrow was the initiation of what is now an ordinary formality on such occasions — the first general mourning recorded in En-



gland. Walsingham attributed his retirement from the toils of state to the weight of sorrow with which his son's premature death overwhelmed him. More silently but profoundly must have mourned the multitude of aged, poor, and desolate whom Sidney's charity had befriended. The letters written by him at various times to and on behalf of such pensioners form a noble chapter in the history of his life. He died with an estate seriously encumbered, notwithstanding "his so great care to see all men satisfied."

His eulogists have been so numerous, and their functions so easy of performance, that it would be difficult to lay a wreath upon his tomb which should be distinguishable from any other. His character is not unique, like a monolithic obelisk, or a *tazza* hollowed out of a single gem, but rather resembles one of those mosaic altars found in Italian cathedrals, wherein each precious section of lapis-lazuli, porphyry, and serpentine, while retaining its distinctive beauty of grain and radiance of color, blends with all the rest into a harmony of glowing lustre. Such faults as he displayed carry with them their own excuse, as the inevitable sign of humanity, the natural excess of impulse in a generous spirit. To the student of history he affords a striking type of the luxuriant national energy which marked the Elizabethan epoch. The marvellous development of thought and action shown in every field of human enterprise, to an extent scarcely appreciable by us who witness the minutest division of labor, is fitly exemplified in the life of one who was at once statesman, soldier, poet, and critic, and excelled in each career as though he had been trained for no other; who could unravel the mesh of European politics as though the Old World contained all that was worth living for; and then turn to discuss schemes of colonization and adventure as though the New World were the sole outlet for his genius and ambition. To the hero-worshipper his character possesses a no less distinct individuality, and of a type which Englishmen may boast with some justice to be eminently national. That indefinable yet most intelligible combination which seems the quintessence of classic refinement, feudal chivalry, and modern civilization, the concord of intellectual grace, moral purity, and emotional sensibility, which, partially expressed in the words generosity, urbanity, and courtesy, is comprehended alone in —

The grand old name of gentleman, attained its ideal personation in Sir Philip Sidney.

#### THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," ETC.

#### CHAPTER X.

#### THE TEMPEST.

THE play was begun, and the stage was the centre of light. Thither Malcolm's eyes were drawn the instant he entered. He was all but unaware of the multitude of faces about him, and his attention was at once fascinated by the lovely show revealed in soft radiance. But surely he had seen the vision before. One long moment its effect upon him was as real as if he had been actually deceived as to its nature: was it not the shore between Scaurnose and Portlossie, betwixt the Boar's Tail and the sea? and was not that the marquis, his father, in his dressing-gown, pacing to and fro upon the sands? He abandoned himself to illusion, yielded himself to the wonderful, and looked only for what would come next.

A lovely lady entered: to his excited fancy it was Florimel. A moment more, and she spoke: —

If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

Then first he understood that before him rose in wondrous realization the play of Shakespeare he knew best, the first he had ever read, "The Tempest" — hitherto a lovely phantom for the mind's eye, now embodied to the enraptured sense. During the whole of the first act he never thought either of Miranda or Florimel apart. At the same time, so taken was he with the princely carriage and utterance of Ferdinand that, though with a sigh, he consented he should have his sister.

The drop-scene had fallen for a minute or two before he began to look around him. A moment more and he had commenced a systematic search for his sister amongst the ladies in the boxes. But when at length he found her, he dared not fix his eyes upon her lest his gaze should make her look at him and she should recognize him. Alas! her eyes might have rested on him twenty times without his face once rousing in her mind the thought of the fisher-lad of Portlossie.



All that had passed between them in the days already old was virtually forgotten.

By degrees he gathered courage, and soon began to feel that there was small chance indeed of her eyes alighting upon him for the briefest of moments. Then he looked more closely, and felt through rather than saw with his eyes that some sort of change had already passed upon her. It was Florimel, yet not the very Florimel he had known. Already something had begun to supplant the girl-freedom that had formerly in every look and motion asserted itself. She was more beautiful, but not so lovely in his eyes: much of what had charmed him had vanished. She was more stately, but the stateliness had a little hardness mingled with it; and could it be that the first of a cloud had already gathered on her forehead? Surely she was not so happy as she had been at Lossie House. She was dressed in black, with a white flower in her hair. Beside her sat the bold-faced countess, and behind them her nephew, Lord Meikleham that was—now Lord Liftore.

A fierce indignation seized the heart of Malcolm at the sight. Behind the form of the earl his mind's eye saw that of Lizzy out in the wind on the Boar's Tail, her old shawl wrapped about herself and the child of the man who sat there so composed and comfortable. His features were fine and clear-cut, his shoulders broad, and his head well set: he had much improved since Malcolm offered to fight him with one hand in the dining-room of Lossie House. Every now and then he leaned forward between his aunt and Florimel, and spoke to the latter. To Malcolm's eyes she seemed to listen with some haughtiness. Now and then she cast him an indifferent glance. Malcolm was pleased: Lord Liftore was anything but the Ferdinand to whom he could consent to yield his Miranda. They would make a fine couple certainly, but for any other fitness, knowing what he did, Malcolm was glad to perceive none. The more annoyed was he when once or twice he fancied he caught a look between them that indicated more than acquaintanceship—some sort of intimacy at least. But he reflected that in the relation in which they stood to Lady Bellair it could hardly be otherwise.

The play was tolerably well put upon the stage, and free of the absurdities attendant upon too ambitious an endeavor to represent to the sense things which Shakespeare and the dramatists of his

period freely committed to their best and most powerful ally, the willing imagination of the spectators. The opening of the last scene, where Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered at chess, was none the less effective for its simplicity, and Malcolm was turning from a delighted gaze on its loveliness to glance at his sister and her companions when his eyes fell on a face near him in the pit which had fixed an absorbed regard in the same direction. It was that of a young man a few years older than himself, with irregular features, but a fine mouth, large chin and great forehead. Under the peculiarly prominent eyebrows shone dark eyes of wondrous brilliancy and seeming penetration. Malcolm could not but suspect that his gaze was upon his sister, but as they were a long way from the boxes he could not be certain. Once he thought he saw her look at him, but of that also he could be in no wise certain.

Malcolm knew the play so well that he rose just in time to reach the pit-door ere exit should be impeded by the outcomers, and thence with some difficulty he found his way to the foot of the stair up which those he watched had gone. He had stood but a little while when he saw in front of him, almost within reach of an outstretched hand, the man I have just described waiting also. After what seemed a long time, his sister and her two companions came slowly down the stair in the descending crowd. Her eyes seemed searching amongst the multitude that filled the lobby. Presently, an indubitable glance of still recognition passed between them, and by a slight movement the young man placed himself so that she must pass next him in the crowd. Malcolm got one place nearer in the change, and thought they grasped hands. She turned her head slightly back and seemed to put a question—with her lips only. He replied in the same manner. A light rushed into her face and vanished. But not a feature moved and not a word had been spoken. Neither of her companions had seen the young man, and he stood where he was till they had left the house. Malcolm stood also, much inclined to follow him when he went, but, his attention having been for a moment attracted in another direction, when he looked again he had disappeared. He sought him where he fancied he saw the movement of his vanishing, but was soon convinced of the uselessness of the attempt, and walked home. Before he reached his lodging he had resolved on making trial of a plan which had more than once occurred to him, but had

as often been rejected as too full of the risk of repulse.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### DEMON AND THE PIPES.

His plan was to watch the house until he saw some entertainment going on: then present himself as if he had but just arrived from her ladyship's country-seat. At such a time no one would acquaint her with his appearance, and he would, as if it were but a matter of course, at once take his share in waiting on the guests. By this means he might perhaps get her a little accustomed to his presence before she could be at leisure to challenge it.

When he had put Kelpie in her stall the last time for the season, and run into the house to get his plaid for Lizzy, who was waiting him near the tunnel, he bethought himself that he had better take with him also what other of his personal requirements he could carry. He looked about, therefore, and finding a large carpet-bag in one of the garret-rooms, hurried into it some of his clothes — amongst them the Highland dress he had worn as henchman to the marquis, and added the great Lossie pipes his father had given to old Duncan, but which the piper had not taken with him when he left Lossie House. The said Highland dress he now resolved to put on, as that in which latterly Florimel had been most used to see him: in it he would watch his opportunity of gaining admission to the house.

The next morning Blue Peter came to him early. They went out together, spent the day in sightseeing, and, on Malcolm's part chiefly, in learning the topography of London. In Hyde Park, Malcolm told his friend that he had sent for Kelpie.

"She'll be the deid o' ye i' thae streets, as fu' o' wheels as the sea o' fish: twize I've been maist gr'un' to poother o' my ro'd here," said Peter.

"Ay, but ye see, oot here amo' the gentry it's no freely sae ill, an' the ro'ds are no a' stane; an' here, ye see, 's the place whaur they come, leddies an' a', to hae their rides thegither. What I'm fleyt for is 'at she'll be brackin' legs wi' her deevilish kickin'."

"Haud her upo' dry strae an' watter for a whilie, till her banes begin to cry oot for something to hap them frae the cauld: that'll quiet her a bit," said Peter.

"It's a' ye ken!" returned Malcolm. "She's aye the waur-natur'd the less she has to ate. Na, na: she maun be weel lined. The deevil in her maun lie warm,

or she'll be neither to haud no bin'. There's nae doobt she's waur to haud in whan she's in guid condection; but she's nane sae like to tak a body by the sma' o' the back an' shak the inside oot o' 'im, as she 'maist did ae day to the herd-laddie at the ferm, only he had an auld girth aboot the mids o' 'im for a belt, an' he tuik the less scaith."

"Cudna we gang an' see the maister the day," said Blue Peter, changing the subject.

He meant Mr. Graham, the late school-master of Portlossie, whom the charge of heretical teaching had driven from the place.

"We canna weel du that till we hear whaur he is. The last time Miss Horn h'ard frae him he was changin' his lodgin's; an' ye see the kin' o' a place this Lon'on is," answered Malcolm.

As soon as Peter was gone to return to the boat, Malcolm dressed himself in his kilt and its belongings, and when it was fairly dusk took his pipes under his arm and set out for Portland Place. He had the better hope of speedy success to his plan that he fancied he had read on his sister's lips, in the silent communication that passed between her and her friend in the crowd, the words *come* and *to-morrow*. It might have been the merest imagination, yet it was something: how often have we not to be grateful for shadows!

Up and down the street he walked a long time without seeing a sign of life about the house. But at length the hall was lighted. Then the door opened and a servant rolled out a carpet over the wide pavement, which the snow had left wet and miry — a signal for the street-children, ever on the outlook for sights, to gather. Before the first carriage arrived there was already a little crowd of humble watchers and waiters about the gutter and curbstone. But they were not destined to much amusement that evening, the visitors amounting only to a small dinner-party. Still, they had the pleasure of seeing a few grand ladies issue from their carriages, cross the stage of their epiphany, the pavement, and vanish in the paradise of the shining hall, with its ascent of gorgeous stairs — no broken steps, no missing balusters there. And they had the show all for nothing. It is one of the perquisites of street-service. What one would give to see the shapes glide over the field of those *cameræ obscuræ*, the hearts of the street-Arabs! — once to gaze on the jeweled beauties through the eyes of those shock-haired girls! I fancy they do not often

begrudge them what they possess, except perhaps when feature or hair or motion chances to remind them of some one of their own people, and they feel wronged and indignant that *she* should flaunt in such splendor "when our Sally would set off the grand clothes so much better." It is neither the wealth nor the general consequence it confers that they envy, but, as I imagine, the power of making a show — of living in the eyes and knowledge of neighbors for a few radiant moments: nothing is so pleasant to ordinary human nature as to know itself by its reflection from others. When it turns from these warped and broken mirrors to seek its reflection in the divine thought, then is it redeemed, then it beholds itself in the perfect law of liberty. Before he became himself an object of curious interest to the crowds he was watching, Malcolm had come to the same conclusion with many a philosopher and observer of humanity before him — that on the whole the rags are inhabited by the easier hearts; and he would have arrived at the conclusion with more certainty but for the *high* training that cuts off intercourse between heart and face.

When some time had elapsed, and no more carriages appeared, Malcolm, judging the dinner must now be in full vortex, rang the bell of the front door. It was opened by a huge footman, whose head was so small in proportion that his body seemed to have absorbed it. Malcolm would have stepped in at once and told what of his tale he chose at his leisure, but the servant, who had never seen the dress Malcolm wore except on street-beggars, with the instinct his class shares with watch-dogs quickly closed the door. Ere it reached the post, however, it found Malcolm's foot between.

"Go along, Scotchy: you're not wanted here," said the man, pushing the door hard. "Police is round the corner."

Now, one of the weaknesses Malcolm owed his Celtic blood was an utter impatience of rudeness. In his own nature entirely courteous, he was wrathful even to absurdity at the slightest suspicion of insult. But that in part, through the influence of Mr. Graham the schoolmaster, he had learned to keep a firm hold on the reins of action, this foolish feeling would not unfrequently have hurried him into undignified conduct. On the present occasion I fear the main part of his answer, but for the shield of the door, would have been a blow to fell a bigger man than the one that now glared at him through the

shoe-broad opening. As it was, its words were fierce with suppressed wrath. "Open the door an' lat me in," was, however, all he said.

"What's your business?" asked the man, on whom his tone had its effect.

"My business is with my Lady Lossie," said Malcolm, recovering his English, which was one step toward mastering, if not recovering, his temper.

"You can't see her: she's at dinner."

"Let me in, and I'll wait. I come from Lossie House."

"Take away your foot and I'll go and see," said the man.

"No: you open the door," returned Malcolm.

The man's answer was an attempt to kick his foot out of the doorway. If he were to let in a tramp, what would the butler say?

But thereupon Malcolm set his portvent to his mouth, rapidly filled his bag, while the man stared as if it were a petard with which he was about to blow the door to shivers, and then sent from the instrument such a shriek, as it galloped off into the "Lossie Gathering," that, involuntarily, his adversary pressed both hands to his ears. With a sudden application of his knee Malcolm sent the door wide, and entered the hall with his pipes in full cry. The house resounded with their yell, but only for one moment. For down the stair, like bolt from catapult, came Demon, Florimel's huge Irish staghound, and springing upon Malcolm put an instant end to the music.

The footman laughed with exultation, expecting to see him torn to pieces. But when he saw instead the fierce animal, with a foot on each of his shoulders, licking Malcolm's face with long fiery tongue, he began to doubt. "The dog knows you," he said sulkily.

"So shall you before long," returned Malcolm. "Was it my fault that I made the mistake of looking for civility from you? One word from me to the dog and he has you by the throat."

"I'll go and fetch Wallis," said the man, and, closing the door, left the hall.

Now, this Wallis had been a fellow-servant of Malcolm's at Lossie House, but he did not know that he had gone with Lady Bellair when she took Florimel away: almost every one had left at the same time. He was now glad indeed to learn that there was one amongst the servants who knew him.

Wallis presently made his appearance

with a dish in his hands, on his way to the dining-room, from which came the confused noises of the feast.

"You'll be come up to wait on Lady Lossie?" he said. "I haven't a moment to speak to you now, for we're at dinner and there's a party."

"Never mind me. Give me that dish. I'll take it in; you can go for another," said Malcolm, laying his pipes in a safe spot.

"You can't go into the dining-room that figure," said Wallis, who was in the Bel-lair livery.

"This is how I waited on my lord," returned Malcolm, "and this is how I'll wait on my lady."

Wallis hesitated. But there was that about the fisher-fellow was too much for him. As he spoke Malcolm took the dish from his hands, and with it walked into the dining-room. There one reconnoitring glance was sufficient. The butler was at the sideboard opening a champagne bottle. He had cut wire and strings, and had his hand on the cork as Malcolm walked up to him. It was a critical moment, yet he stopped in the very article, and stared at the apparition.

"I'm Lady Lossie's man, from Lossie House. I'll help you to wait," said Malcolm.

To the eyes of the butler he looked a savage. But there he was in the room, with a dish in his hands, and speaking at least intelligibly. The cork of the champagne bottle was pushing hard against his palm, and he had no time to question. He peeped into Malcolm's dish. "Take it round, then," he said.

So Malcolm settled into the business of the hour.

It was some time after he knew where she was before he ventured to look at his sister: he would have her already familiarized with his presence before their eyes met. That crisis did not arrive during dinner.

Lord Liftore was one of the company, and so—to Malcolm's pleasure, for he felt in him an ally against the earl—was Florimel's mysterious friend.

#### CHAPTER XII.

#### A NEW LIVERY.

SCARCELY had the ladies gone to the drawing-room when Florimel's maid, who knew Malcolm, came in quest of him. Lady Lossie desired to see him.

"What is the meaning of this, MacPhail?" she said, when he entered the

room where she sat alone. "I did not send for you. Indeed, I thought you had been dismissed with the rest of the servants."

How differently she spoke! And she used to call him *Malcolm*! The girl Florimel was gone, and there sat—the marchioness was it, or some phase of riper womanhood only? It mattered little to Malcolm. He was no curious student of man or woman. He loved his kind too well to study it. But one thing seemed plain: she had forgotten the half friendship and whole service that had had place betwixt them, and it made him feel as if the soul of man no less than his life was but as a vapor that appeareth for a little and then vanisheth away.

But Florimel had not so entirely forgotten the past as Malcolm thought—not so entirely, at least, but that his appearance, and certain difficulties in which she had begun to find herself, brought something of it again to her mind.

"I thought," said Malcolm, assuming his best English, "your ladyship might not choose to part with an old servant at the will of a factor, and so took upon me to appeal to your ladyship to decide the question."

"But how is that? Did you not return to your fishing when the household was broken up?"

"No, my lady. Mr. Crathie kept me to help Stoot and do odd jobs about the place."

"And now he wants to discharge you?"

Then Malcolm told her the whole story, in which he gave such a description of Kelpie that her owner, as she imagined herself, expressed a strong wish to see her, for Florimel was almost passionately fond of horses.

"You may soon do that, my lady," said Malcolm. "Mr. Soutar, not being of the same mind as Mr. Crathie, is going to send her up. It will be the cost of the passage from Aberdeen, and she will fetch a better price here if your ladyship should resolve to part with her. She won't fetch the third of her value anywhere, though, on account of her bad temper and ugly tricks."

"But as to yourself, MacPhail—what are you going to do?" said Florimel. "I don't like to part with you, but if I keep you I don't know what to do with you. No doubt you could serve in the house, but that is not at all suitable to your education and previous life."

"A body wad tak' ye for a granny gown,"

said Malcolm to himself. But to Florimel he replied, "If your ladyship should wish to keep Kelpie, you will have to keep me too, for not a creature else will she let near her."

"And, pray, tell me what use, then, can I make of such an animal?" said Florimel.

"Your ladyship, I should imagine, will want a groom to attend you when you are out on horseback, and the groom will want a horse; and here am I and Kelpie," answered Malcolm.

Florimel laughed. "I see," she said. "You contrive I shall have a horse nobody can manage but yourself." She rather liked the idea of a groom so mounted, and had too much well-justified faith in Malcolm to anticipate dangerous results.

"My lady," said Malcolm, appealing to her knowledge of his character to secure credit, for he was about to use his last means of persuasion — and as he spoke in his eagerness he relapsed into his mother-tongue — "My lady, did I ever tell ye a lee?"

"Certainly not, Malcolm, so far as I know. Indeed, I am certain you never did," answered Florimel, looking up at him in a dominant yet kindly way.

"Then," continued Malcolm, "I'll tell your ladyship something that you may find hard to believe, and yet is as true as that I loved your ladyship's father. Your ladyship knows he had a kindness for me?"

"I do know it," answered Florimel gently, moved by the tone of Malcolm's voice and the expression of his countenance.

"Then I make bold to tell your ladyship that on his death-bed your father desired me to do my best for you — took my word that I would be your ladyship's true servant."

"Is it so, indeed, Malcolm?" returned Florimel with a serious wonder in her tone, and looked him in the face with an earnest gaze. She had loved her father, and it sounded in her ears almost like a message from the tomb.

"It's as true as I stan' here, my leddy," said Malcolm.

Florimel was silent for a moment. Then she said, "How is it that only now you come to tell me?"

"Your father never desired me to tell you, my lady; only he never imagined you would want to part with me, I suppose. But when you did not care to keep me, and never said a word to me when you went away, I could not tell how to do as I had promised him. It wasn't that one hour I forgot his wish, but that I feared

to presume; for if I should displease your ladyship my chance was gone. So I kept about Lossie House as long as I could, hoping to see my way to some plan or other. But when at length Mr. Craithie turned me away, what was I to do but come to your ladyship? And if your ladyship will let things be as before — in the way of service I mean — I canna doobt, my leddy, but it'll be pleasant i' the sicht o' yer father whanever he may come to ken o' 't, my lady."

Florimel gave him a strange, half-startled look. Hardly more than once since her father's funeral had she heard him alluded to, and now this fisher-lad spoke of him as if he were still at Lossie House.

Malcolm understood the look. "Ye mean, my leddy — I ken what ye mean," he said. "I canna help it. For to lo'e anything is to ken 't immortal. He's livin' to me, my lady."

Florimel continued staring, and still said nothing.

I sometimes think that the present belief in mortality is nothing but the almost universal although unsuspected unbelief in immortality grown vocal and articulate.

But Malcolm gathered courage and went on. "An' what for no, my leddy?" he said, floundering no more in English, but soaring on the clumsy wings of his mother-dialect. "Didna he turn his face to the licht afore he de'd? an' Him 'at rase frae the deid said 'at whaever believed in Him sud never dee. Sae we maun believe 'at he's livin', for gien we dinna believe what *He* says, what *are* we to believe, my leddy?"

Florimel continued yet a moment looking him fixedly in the face. The thought did arise that perhaps he had lost his reason, but she could not look at him thus and even imagine it. She remembered how strange he had always been, and for a moment had a glimmering idea that in this young man's friendship she possessed an incorruptible treasure. The calm, truthful, believing, almost for the moment enthusiastic, expression of the young fisherman's face wrought upon her with a strangely quieting influence. It was as if one spoke to her out of a region of existence of which she had never even heard, but in whose reality she was compelled to believe because of the sound of the voice that came from it.

Malcolm seldom made the mistake of stamping into the earth any seeds of truth he might cast on it: he knew when to say no more, and for a time neither spoke. But now, for all the coolness of her upper



crust, Lady Florimel's heart glowed — not, indeed, with the power of the shining truth Malcolm had uttered, but with the light of gladness in the possession of such a strong, devoted, disinterested squire. "I wish you to understand," she said at length, "that I am not at present mistress of this house, although it belongs to me. I am but the guest of Lady Bellair, who has rented it of my guardians. I cannot therefore arrange for you to be here. But you can find accommodation in the neighborhood, and come to me at one o'clock every day for orders. Let me know when your mare arrives: I shall not want you till then. You will find room for her in the stables. You had better consult the butler about your groom's livery." Malcolm was astonished at the womanly sufficiency with which she gave her orders. He left her with the gladness of one who has had his righteous desire, held consultation with the butler on the matter of the livery, and went home to his lodging. There he sat down and meditated.

A strange, new, yearning pity rose in his heart as he thought about his sister and the sad facts of her lonely condition. He feared much that her stately composure was built mainly on her imagined position in society, and was not the outcome of her character. Would it be cruelty to destroy that false foundation, hardly the more false as a foundation for composure that beneath it lay a mistake? — or was it not rather a justice which her deeper and truer self had a right to demand of him? At present, however, he need not attempt to answer the question. Communication even such as a trusted groom might have with her, and familiarity with her surroundings, would probably reveal much. Meantime, it was enough that he would now be so near her that no important change of which others might be aware could well approach her without his knowledge, or anything take place without his being able to interfere if necessary.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### TWO CONVERSATIONS.

THE next day Wallis came to see Malcolm and take him to the tailor's. They talked about the guests of the previous evening.

"There is a great change in Lord Meikleham," said Malcolm.

"There is that," said Wallis: "I consider him much improved. But, you see, he's succeeded: he's the earl now, and Lord Liftore — and a menseful broad-

shouldered man to the boot of the bargain. He used to be such a windlestraw!"

In order to speak good English, Wallis now and then, like some Scotch people of better education, anglicized a word ludicrously.

"Is there no news of his marriage?" asked Malcolm; adding, "They say he has great property."

"My love she's but a lassie yet," said Wallis, "though she too has changed quite as much as my lord."

"Who are you speaking of?" asked Malcolm, anxious to hear the talk of the household on the matter.

"Why, Lady Lossie, of course. Anybody with half an eye can see as much as that."

"Is it settled, then?"

"That would be hard to say. Her ladyship is too like her father: no one can tell what may be her mind the next minute. But, as I say, she's young, and ought to have her fling first — so far, that is, as we can permit it to a woman of her rank. Still, as I say, anybody with half an eye can see the end of it all: he's forever hovering about her. My lady, too, has set her mind on it; and, for my part, I can't see what better she can do. I must say I approve of the match. I can see no possible objection to it."

"We used to think he drank too much," suggested Malcolm.

"Claret," said Wallis, in a tone that seemed to imply no one could drink too much of that.

"No, not claret only. I've seen the whiskey follow the claret."

"Well, he don't now — not whiskey, at least. He don't drink too much — not much too much — not more than a gentleman should. He don't look like it — does he now? A good wife, such as my Lady Lossie will make him, will soon set him all right. I think of taking a similar protection myself one of these days."

"He's not worthy of her," said Malcolm.

"Well, I confess his family won't compare with hers. There's a grandfather in it somewhere that was a banker or a brewer or a soap-boiler, or something of the sort, and she and her people have been earls and marquises ever since they walked arm-in-arm out of the ark. But, bless you! all that's been changed since I came to town. So long as there's plenty of money, *and* the mind to spend it, we have learned not to be exclusive. It's selfish, that. It's not Christian. Everything lies in the mind to spend it, though. Mrs.



Tredger—that's our lady's-maid; only this is a secret—says it's all settled: she knows it for certain fact; only there's nothing to be said about it yet: she's so young, you know."

"Who was the man that sat nearly opposite my lady, on the other side of the table?" asked Malcolm.

"I know who you mean. Didn't look as if he'd got any business there—not like the rest of them—did he? No, they never do. Odd-and-end sort of people, like he is, never do look the right thing, let them try ever so. How can they when they ain't it? That's a fellow that's painting Lady Lossie's portrait. Why he should be asked to dinner for that, I'm sure I can't tell. He ain't paid for it in victuals, is he? I never saw such land-leapers let into Lossie House, I know. But London's an awful place. There's no such a thing as respect of persons here. Here you meet the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker any night in my lady's drawing-room. I declare to you, Ma'col'm Mac-Phail, it makes me quite uncomfortable at times to think who I may have been waiting upon without knowing it. For that painter-fellow—Lenormé they call him—I could knock him on the teeth with the dish every time I hold it to him. And to see him stare at Lady Lossie as he does!"

"A painter must want to get a right good hold of the face he's got to paint," said Malcolm. "Is he here often?"

"He's been here five or six times already," answered Wallis, "and how many more times I may have to fill his glass I don't know. I always give him second-best sherry, I know. I'm sure the time that pictur's been on hand! He ought to be ashamed of himself. If she's been once to his studio, she's been twenty times—to give him sittings, as they call it. He's making a pretty penny of it, I'll be bound. I wonder he has the cheek to show himself when my lady treats him so haughtily. But those sort of people have no proper feelin's, you see: it's not to be expected of such."

Wallis liked the sound of his own sentences, and a great deal more talk of similar character followed before they got back from the tailor's. Malcolm was tired enough of him, and never felt the difference between man and man more strongly than when, after leaving him, he set out for a walk with Blue Peter, whom he found waiting him at his lodging. On this same Blue Peter, however, Wallis would have looked down from the height of his share

of the marquise as on one of the lower orders—ignorant, vulgar, even dirty.

They had already gazed together upon not a few of the marvels of London, but nothing had hitherto moved or drawn them so much as the ordinary flow of the currents of life through the veins of the huge city. Upon Malcolm, however, this had now begun to pall, while Peter already found it worse than irksome, and longed for Scaurnose. At the same time loyalty to Malcolm kept him from uttering a whisper of his homesickness. It was yet but the fourth day they had been in London.

"Eh, my lord," said Blue Peter, when by chance they found themselves in the lull of a little quiet court somewhere about Gray's Inn, with the roar of Holborn in their ears, "it's like a month, sin' I was at the kirk. I'm feart the din's gotten into my heid, an' I'll never get it oot again. I cud maist wuss I was a mackerel, for they tell me the fish hears naething. I ken weel noo what ye meant, my lord, whan ye said ye dreidit the din nicht gar ye forget yer Macker."

"I hae been wussin' sair mysel', this last twa days," responded Malcolm, "'at I cud get ae sicht o' the jaws clashin' upo' the Scaurnose or rowin' up upo' the edge o' the links. The din o' natur' never troubles the guid thoughts in ye. I reckon it's 'cause it's a kin' o' a harmony in 'tsel', an' a' harmony's jist, as the maister used to say, a higher kin' o' a peace. Yon organ 'at we hearkent till ae day ootside the kirk—ye min', man—it was a quaietness in 'tsel', an' cam' throu' the din like a bonny silence—like a lull i' the win' o' this warl'. It wasna a din at a', but a gran' repose, like. But this noise tumultuous o' human strife, this din o' iron shune an' iron wheels, this whurr an' whuzz o' buyin' an' sellin' an' gettin' gain—it disna help a body to their prayers."

"Eh, na, my lord. Jist think o' the preevilege—I never saw nor thought o' 't afore—o' haein' 't i' yer pooer, ony nicht 'at ye're no efter the fish, to stap oot at yer ain door an' be i' the mids o' the temple. Be 't licht or dark, be 't foul or fair, the sea sleepin' or ragin', ye hae aye room, an' naething atween ye an' the throne o' the Almichty, to the whilk yer prayers ken the gait as weel's the herrin' to the shores o' Scotlan': ye hae but to lat them flee, an' they gang straucht there. But here ye hae to luik sae gleg efter yer boady, 'at, as ye say, my lord, yer sowl's like to come aff the waur, gien it binna clean forgotten."

"I doobt there's something no richt aboot it, Peter," returned Malcolm.

"There maun be a heap no richt aboot it," answered Peter.

"Ay, but I'm no meanin' 't jist as ye du. I had the haill thing throu' my heid last nicht, an' I canna but think there's something wrang wi' a man gien he canna hear the word o' God as weel i' the mids o' a multitude no man can number, a' made ilk ane i' the image o' the Father—as weel, I say, as i' the hert o' win' an' watter, an' the lift an' the starns an' a'. Ye canna say 'at thae things are a' made i' the image o' God—i' the same w'y, at least, 'at ye can say 't o' the body an' face o' a man, for throu' them the God o' the whole earth revealed himsel' in Christ."

"Ow weel, I wad alloo what ye say, gien they war a' to be considered Christians."

"Ow, I grant we canna weel du that i' the full sense, but I doobt, gien they bena a' Christians 'at ca's themsel's that, there's a hep mair Christi-anity nor gets the credit o' its ain name. I min' weel hoo Maister Graham said to me ance 'at hoo there was something o' Him 'at made him luikin' oot o' the een o' ilka man 'at He had made; an' what wad ye ca' that but a scart o' a straik o' Christi-anity?"

"Weel, I kenna; but, ony gait, I canna think it can be again' the trowth o' the gospel to wuss yersel' mair alane wi' yer God nor ye ever can be in sic an awfu' Babylon o' a place as this."

"Na, na, Peter: I'm no sayin' that. I ken weel we're to gang intill the closet an' shut to the door. I'm only feart 'at there be something wrang in mysel' 'at taks 't ill to be amon' sae mony neibors. I'm thinkin' 'at, gien a' was richt 'ithin me, gien I lo'ed my neibor as the Lord wad hae them 'at lo'ed him lo'e ilk ane his brither, I micht be better able to pray among them—ay, i' the verra face o' the bargainin' an' leein' a' aboot me."

"An' min' ye," said Peter, pursuing the train of his own thoughts, and heedless of Malcolm's, "'at oor Lord himsel' bude whiles to win' awa', even frae his disciples, to be him-lane wi' the Father o' 'im."

"Ay ye're richt there, Peter," answered Malcolm; "but there's ae p'int in 't ye maunna forget; an' that is, 'at it was never i' the daytime, sae far's I min', 'at he did sae. The lee-lang day he was amon' 's fowk workin' his mighty wark. Whan the nicht cam', in which no man could work, he gaed hame till's Father, as 'twar. Eh me! but it's weel to hae a man like the schuilmaister to put trowth intill ye. I kenna what comes o' them 'at hae drucken

maisters, or sic as cares for naething but coontin' an' Laitin, an' the likes o' that!"

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### PRESENT ASPECTS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

YEARS instead of months seem to have passed since, in last December, I wrote in this review under the heading, "The True Eastern Question." A revolt against Turkish oppression was then going on in Bosnia and Herzegovina, a revolt which showed to all who kept their eyes open that the long-oppressed Slavonic subjects of the Turk had fully made up their minds to throw off his yoke once and forever. To those who had eyes to see, the insurrection which began last summer marked the beginning of an era in the history of the world. It marked that the wicked power of the Turk was doomed. From the stern determination with which the insurgents drew the sword, from the deep and universal sympathy with their cause among their free neighbors of the same blood and speech, it was plain that this revolt was no mere local or casual disturbance, but the beginning of a great uprising of a mighty people. It was plain that a ball had been sent rolling which would grow as it rolled; it was plain that a storm had burst which must in the end sweep away before it the foul fabric of oppression which European diplomatists had been so long vainly and wickedly striving to prop up. When I wrote in December last, as when I wrote on these matters twenty years back, I wrote as one of a small band, maintaining an unpopular view. We looked for no general approval; we were rejoiced if we could find so much as a stray listener here and there. The cause which I had then in hand was one which governments pooh-poohed and about which the world in general was careless. I then set forth, as I had often set forth before, as I do not doubt that I shall often have to set forth again, the true nature of Ottoman rule, the causes which make it hopeless to look for any reform in Ottoman rule, the one remedy by which only the evils of Ottoman rule can be got rid of—by getting rid of the Ottoman rule itself. In that article, I pleaded for the oppressed Christian; but I also bore in mind the danger lest, in delivering the oppressed Christian, a way might be opened for the oppression of the Mussulman. I said then that the direct

rule of the Turk must cease in every land whose inhabitants had risen against his rule. I said that, as Bosnia and Herzegovina had risen, his rule must at once cease in Bosnia and Herzegovina; that when Albania and Bulgaria should rise, his rule must cease in Albania and Bulgaria also. I said that the least that could be accepted was the practical setting free of the revolted lands by making them tributary states like Servia and Roumania. But I also proposed, in the special interest of the large Mahometan minority in Bosnia, that that particular province should be annexed to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, as a power strong enough to hinder the professors of either religion from doing any wrong to the professors of the other. When I said this, there was still only a local warfare in two provinces, a warfare waged by the people of those provinces, goaded to revolt by intolerable wrongs, and strengthened only by private volunteers from the lands immediately around them. It was not till several months later that there was any Bulgarian insurrection, any national war on the part of Servia and Montenegro. Meanwhile the Turk was engaged in his usual work of putting forth lying promises, promises in which the men who had arisen against him were far too wise to put trust for a moment. Meanwhile diplomatists were engaged in their usual work of pooh-poohing the great events whose greatness they could not understand. They were busy with their usual nostrums, their petty palliatives, their Andrassy notes and their Berlin memorandums. Feeble attempts indeed to stop the torrent were their proposals for this and that reform, for this and that guaranty. Such were the sops which they thought might be swallowed either by the tyrant whose one object was to get back his victims into his clutches, or by the men who had sworn to die rather than again bow their heads under his yoke. While diplomatists were wondering and pottering, men were acting. Servia and Montenegro at last came openly to the help of their brethren, and helpless ambassadors and foreign secretaries found themselves face to face with a national war and no longer with a local insurrection. And meanwhile, if men had been acting, fiends had been acting also. Bulgaria rose; how its rising was put down the world knows, in spite of the self-made Earl of Beaconsfield. And, when the world knew, the world shuddered and the world spoke. It had been hard to call public attention to what seemed to

many merely a petty strife in lands whose names they had hardly heard. The old traditions also had to be struggled with. Englishmen had to be taught what their dear ally the Turk was, what he had ever been, what he ever must be. The "Russian hobgoblin" had to be laid, and with many minds it was hard work to lay it. For months and months the few who had their eyes open were still preaching in the wilderness. At last the Turk did our work for us. He told a shuddering world what he really was in words stronger than any that we could put together. He painted his own picture on the bloody fields of Bulgaria in clearer colors than we could have painted it. The common heart of mankind was stirred. We who had before been preaching in the wilderness found a hearing in market-places and in council-chambers. What we had whispered in the ear in closets was now preached on the housetops by a mighty company of preachers. Great statesmen put forth with voice and pen the same facts, the same arguments, for which, nine months before, it was hard to get a hearing. All England spoke with one voice, a voice which spoke in the same tones in every corner of the land save two. It was only from the beer-shops of Oxford and the Foreign Office at Westminster that discordant notes came up. While the rest of England was speaking the words of truth and righteousness, Lord Derby was still putting forth fallacies, while his Oxford admirers raised an inarticulate howl which was not more unreasonable than the fallacies of their chief. Those who, in season and out of season, have fought this battle for twenty years and more, may perhaps be indulged in a little feeling of triumph when they see that the world has at last come round to their side. England, so long the abettor of the Turk, has at last found out what the Turk is. The nation has awakened from its slumber; it has cast away its fetters; it has dared to open its eyes and to use its reason; it has declared as one man that England will no longer have a share in maintaining that foul fabric of wrong, that Englishmen will put up with nothing short of the deliverance of the brethren against whom they have, as a nation, so deeply sinned.

The people of England have spoken; but it is not enough that the people should speak. Their rulers must be made to act; and just now we have rulers whom it is very hard to goad to action—at all events to action on behalf of right. The *Times* says that Lord Derby must be "educated,"

and it even implies that the work of his "education" has already begun. The process seems likely to be a slow one. When the proposal was laid before him that the revolted lands should be set free from the rule of the Turk, he said that he had no objection to such an arrangement, but that there were "difficulties." Of course there are difficulties in the way of so doing, as in the way of everything else. The world is full of difficulties. Human life chiefly consists in meeting with difficulties, and in yielding to them or overcoming them as the case may happen. Only with men the existence of difficulties is something which stirs them up to grapple with the difficulties, and to overcome them; with diplomatists the existence of difficulties is thought reason enough for drawing back and doing nothing. And there is one difficulty above all difficulties in the way of vigorous and righteous action on the part of England in this matter. That difficulty is the existence of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby. Lord Beaconsfield we all know; Lord Derby most of us are beginning to know. A few zealous county members still express their confidence in him: but they express it in that peculiar tone which men put on when they are trying to persuade themselves that they still put confidence in something in which they have really ceased to put confidence. But with the world in general the strange superstition that Lord Derby is a great and wise statesman is swiftly and openly crumbling away. It is wonderful indeed to see the change of public opinion on this head. Two or three months back it was the acknowledged creed of Liberals as well as of Conservatives that Lord Derby was to be treated with a degree of respect with which there was no need to treat any of his colleagues. Things are indeed changed now that the *Times* talks of "educating" him, now that the comic papers jeer at him, now that his name is spoken of, certainly not with any great respect, in writing and in speech throughout the whole land. The sagacious minister, respected on both sides, trusted on both sides, is no longer spoken of with the bated breath which was held to be the right thing even when the present year was a good deal advanced. When the English people are driven really to look into any matter, their sight is sharp enough, and they can see that a man whose one object is to do nothing is not the right man to be at the helm when there is a great work to be done. For my own part, if my own opinion of Lord Derby has changed, it has rather changed

for the better. I am beginning to think that a man whom I had for ten years looked on as wicked may perhaps after all have been only stupid. It is a fact, and a very ugly fact, that we have to look to the betrayer of Crete for the redress of the wrongs of Bulgaria. A good deal of education will certainly be needed before we make such an instrument serve our purpose. But as regards the man himself, his treatment of the whole matter since the summer of the last year suggests the thought that, even in the Cretan business, Lord Derby may have been simply frightened and puzzled, and may not have meant any active mischief. But the mischief was done all the same; it may have been only in fright and puzzlement that he gave the order; but the order was given none the less; the women and children of Crete were none the less left, and left by his bidding, to the mercy of their Turkish destroyers. Lord Derby, in the face of one of the great epochs of the world's history, reminds one of nothing so much as the lord mayor before whom Jeffreys was brought after the flight of James the Second. "The mayor," says Lord Macaulay, "was a simple man who had spent his whole life in obscurity, and was bewildered by finding himself an important actor in a mighty revolution." Lord Derby had not passed his whole life in obscurity; but he seemed just as much bewildered at finding that he had to play a part in a great European crisis as ever the simple mayor could have been. The result in the two cases is indeed different. The lord mayor, being doubtless an impulsive man, "fell into fits and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose." Lord Derby is not impulsive; so he bore up, and made speeches for Mr. Gladstone to tear into shreds.

From the first to the last utterance of Lord Derby on these matters, from his despatch of August 12, 1875, to his speech of September 11, 1876, the same characteristic reigns throughout. That characteristic is blindness. In the first despatch and in the last speech there is the same incapacity to understand what it is that is going on. On August 12, 1875, the insurrection had been at work for more than a month, and Consul Holms and Sir Henry Elliot had been sending home accounts, not of course of what really had happened, but of what this and that Turk told them had happened. The Turks were of course busy lying, and Safvet Pasha was lying with greater vigor than all the rest; for he was saying that

some Turk—who was sent for the purpose of bamboozling men who would not be bamboozled—would “redress well-founded complaints.” But this Turk had clearer notions of what was going on than Lord Derby had. He writes to say that the insurrection is daily assuming more serious proportions, that Dalmatia sympathizes and helps, that Dalmatians and Montenegrians join the patriot ranks, that the position of the Servian army looks awkward, that neither Austria nor Montenegro is acting exactly as the interests of Turkish tyranny would have them act. That is to say, the die had been cast; eastern Europe had risen; warning had been given to the foul despot at the New Rome that the hour of vengeance was come. The Turk saw and trembled; Lord Derby shut his eyes and potted. All that he could see was a local disturbance in Herzegovina. So when the first little band of the followers of Mahomet drew the sword, the rulers of Rome and Persia saw nothing but disturbances in a distant corner or Arabia. In Lord Derby’s eyes all that was to be done was to stop disturbances, to hinder Servians, Montenegrians, and Dalmatians from joining in the disturbances. Then come the memorable words:—

Her Majesty’s government are of opinion that the Turkish government should rely on their own resources to suppress the insurrection, and should deal with it as a local outbreak of disorder, rather than give international importance to it by appealing for support to other powers.

Poor, blind diplomatist! So Leo the Tenth looked calmly on the theological disorder which began with the teaching of a despised monk called Martin Luther. So Antiochos of Syria and Philip of Spain thought for a moment that not much could come of the local disorders which were stirred up by the Maccabees and the Silent Prince. In Lord Derby’s eyes the glorious uprising of oppressed nations was simply a thing to be “suppressed.” He wished it to be suppressed; he thought that it could be suppressed; he would fain have seen the tyrant again press his yoke upon his victims, without seeking the support of other powers. The very phrase showed that Lord Derby did not shrink from the possibility that the tyrant might be aided by other powers in his work of evil. What is meant by a Turkish government “suppressing a revolt by its own resources” we know full well now. Lord Derby himself, in spite of manful efforts

to remain in ignorance, must himself know by this time. I will not believe that Lord Derby really wished Herzegovina to be dealt with then as Bulgaria has been dealt with since. But that is the literal meaning of his words, when he hopes that the revolt may be put down by the resources of the Turkish government. Lord Derby could not tell then what was to happen in Bulgaria months afterwards; but, if he ever turned a page of modern history, if the man who talks thus calmly of Turkish suppression of insurrections had read the annals of the Turk even in our own century, he might have known what Turks have done in suppressing insurrections, and even in dealing with lands where there had been no insurrections. He had the same chance as other men of reading the bloody annals of Chios and Cyprus and Kassandra. Whether Lord Derby knew it or not, it was to the doom which had fallen on Chios and Cyprus and Kassandra, to the doom which was to fall on Bulgaria, that Lord Derby calmly sentenced the patriots of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Let the insurrection be suppressed—that is, in plain words, let every foul deed of malignant fiends be wrought through the length and breadth of the revolted lands; then there would be no difficulties, no complications, no openings of the Eastern question; the Turk would have his way; the Foreign Office need not be troubled, and the foreign secretary of England might safely slumber at his post.

\* But so it was not to be. The hopes of Lord Derby were doomed to be disappointed. To suppress the insurrection was not quite so easy a matter as he had deemed and hoped. The mighty outburst of freedom was soon to put on “international importance,” even in the eyes of diplomatists. The resources of the Turkish government failed to put out the fire which had been kindled. The men who had drawn the sword for right and freedom were not to be overthrown in a moment, even though their overthrow was needed to save the English Foreign Office from difficulties and complications. Deeper and deeper grew the resolve of the champions of right to listen to none of the lying promises of their tyrant, to listen to none of the feeble suggestions of diplomatists, but to fight on in the face of heaven and earth, in the cause of heaven and earth. They have fought on; even before their independent brethren came to their help, they had beaten back every assault of the barbarian invader. For months and months the boasted resources



of the Turkish government were unable to suppress the insurrection, unable to overcome the resistance of that little band of warriors, warriors worthy to rank with the men who gathered round Alfred at Athelney, or round Hereward at Ely. Down to this moment the insurrection has not been suppressed; Herzegovina has not been won back by the barbarian. The native heroes of the land, strengthened by their brethren from the Black Mountain, still stand victorious on the soil which they have won from the barbarian, and which the barbarian has failed to win back from them. The suppression of the insurrection which Lord Derby wished for is still, in September, 1876, as it was in August, 1875, a thing which diplomatists may long for, but which freedom has but little reason to fear.

But meanwhile another insurrection has been suppressed; and now the world knows what Turkish suppression of insurrections means. The tale of Bulgarian wrongs need not be told again. Lord Beaconsfield himself perhaps knows by this time how "an oriental people" have done what all the world, except Lord Beaconsfield, knows to be the manner of "an oriental people." They have done as the barbarians of the East have ever done, since the Hebrew put his Ammonite captives under saws and under axes of iron, and made them to pass through the brick-kiln. The Turk has done after his kind; and the voice of England, the voice of mankind, has pronounced sentence on him and his abettors. Servia, which for a moment seemed to have been overthrown in her glorious struggle, still holds her own, and every moment that she holds her own makes it more certain that she will not long be left without a helper. The mightiest people of her race will soon be on the march for her deliverance. Lord Derby, who, thirteen months back, was thinking of suppressing insurrections, will soon have to think what he will do when the myriads of Russia come to the help of their brethren in blood and faith. They have come already; despotism itself has its bounds, and the peace-loving czar either cannot or will not keep back his people from what in their eyes is the holiest of crusades. It has come to this, that Englishmen are prepared to see Russia step in and do the work that England should have done. If the Russians ever occupy Constantinople, it will be Lord Derby who has placed them there.

It is hardly worth while to go again through the whole tale of ministerial in-

capacity, to use the mildest words. Lord Beaconsfield is true to his creed of Asian mysteries. He seeks his models among the ancient worthies of his own people. Truly he looks to Abraham his father and unto Sarah that bare him. Like his great ancestress, he takes such pains to assure us that he did not laugh as to provoke the retort, "Nay, but thou didst laugh." He recalls too at least one exploit of his great ancestor in the zeal with which he flies to the help of the rulers of Sodom and Gomorrah. It is hardly needful again to refute the base slanders of the tongue which spoke of the doings of the tyrant and of the patriot as equal in guilt, and which affected to see nothing but hankering after "provinces" in the high resolve of the Servian people to do or die for right. Over and over again has Lord Derby told us that he did not, and could not, have directly instigated the Turkish doings in Bulgaria. Over and over again has it been explained to him that nobody ever thought that he had directly instigated them, that he is the last man whom anybody would suspect of directly instigating anything. But over and over again has it also been explained to him that he has none the less made himself an abettor and an accomplice after the fact, by keeping the English fleet in a position which all mankind but himself believed to be meant as a demonstration in favor of the evil cause. There is no need again to answer such fallacies as the memorable argument that, because Christians, Mahometans, and Hindoos could live peaceably together under the English government of India, therefore Christians and Mahometans can peacefully live together under the Turkish government of south-eastern Europe. Lord Derby's earlier talk has become a thing of the past. In the process of his education he may already have got beyond it; he may be educating himself backward to the days when his words on Turkish matters were somewhat different from his recent acts. But Lord Derby himself is unhappily a thing of the present, and some of his later sayings are still matters of practical importance. At the moment when I write Servian and Turk are resting on their arms. An effort is being made to bring about peace between them, a peace in the negotiation of which a representative of England cannot fail to take a leading part. It is a matter for anxious and painful thought that the representative of England at such a moment should be a man who, with whatever motives, through whatever

causes, whether through sheer indifference or sheer incapacity has, as a matter of fact, made himself guilty of the blood of Crete and Bulgaria.

First of all, there was something very ominous, though perhaps from one side a little reasoning, in one of the latest sayings of Lord Derby. He told his hearers that one of the great principles on which he acted was "strict neutrality while the war lasts." Taken in itself, this last saying of Lord Derby's is of a piece with his first saying about the suppression of the insurrection. According to Lord Derby, England, which, in common with the other great powers, is bound to be the protector of the Christian subjects of the Turk, England, which is morally bound, above all the other great powers, to undo the wrongs which she has herself done to them, is to be strictly neutral while the war lasts—that is, under no circumstances is she to go beyond remonstrance, be the doings of the barbarians towards their victims what they may. On no account, in no state of things, is the arm of England to be stretched out to give real help to the oppressed. Come what may, let victorious savages change the whole of south-eastern Europe into a howling wilderness, England must not lift a weapon to hinder them. Come what may, we must never do again the good work which we ourselves did at Algiers, which France did in Peloponnesos, which England, France, and Russia joined to do on the great day of Navarino. While Lord Derby has his way, England is never again to strike another blow for right. Such is the frame of mind in which the representative of England approaches the negotiations for peace. Still there is another side, even to his blank and chilling words. Who does not remember how Lord Derby, not so very long ago, comforted himself and others by saying the war was not likely to spread? Perhaps the world has by this time learned that Lord Derby's auguries as to probability and improbability in such matters are not quite worth so much as they were once thought to be. In defiance of his infallible powers of divination, the war has spread, the war is spreading, and he that has eyes to see must see that, if it be not stopped by a real and not a sham peace, it will soon spread further still. The last reserve of Servia, as the *Times* called it not long back, will soon be drawn out. Russia will have come to her deliverance. We wish for no such thing—at least it is only Lord Derby who has driven us to wish for it. We had rather see

the south-eastern lands free themselves, or be freed by English help, than see them either the subjects, the dependents, or even the grateful clients, of a power which has hitherto promised them so much and done for them so little. But unless Western diplomacy, Western arms, Western something, is quicker than it has been hitherto, that will be the upshot of all. And here we can draw some comfort even from Lord Derby's talk about neutrality. Strict neutrality while the war lasts must, in the common use of language, imply strict neutrality when the war, which was once confined to Herzegovina, which has spread from Herzegovina to Servia, shall have spread from Servia to Russia. Lord Derby has at least promised us that there shall not be another Russian war. If he has bound himself to do nothing for the oppressed, he has equally bound himself to do nothing against their avengers.

From Lord Derby indeed this is something. Still this elaborate ostentation of neutrality is not exactly the frame of mind in which we should wish to see our representative going forth to the negotiations by which it is hoped that the peace of south-eastern Europe may be secured. But Lord Derby, we are told, is capable of education; he has himself talked of listening to the will of his "employers." Now his employers have told him one thing very plainly. They have told him that they will not put up with any sham peace, that they will not put up with any patched-up peace, designed simply to stave off any serious settlement, and to let the diplomatists slumber for a few years longer. His employers, his teachers, have broken with the rotten traditions of the last two or three generations; and, if he wishes to be looked on as their servant or their pupil, he must break with them, too. The people of England sees, whether Lord Derby sees it or not, that negotiations on the basis of the *status quo*, negotiations on the basis of merely communal freedom for the revolted lands, negotiations on any terms which imply the direct rule of the Turk, are not only wicked, but foolish. Negotiation on any of these terms is a crime, because it is an attempt to prolong a state of things which is contrary to the first principles of right. But it is more than a crime; it is a blunder; because it is an attempt to prolong a state of things which cannot be prolonged. To prolong the *status quo*, to grant a merely communal freedom, means to prolong the domination of the Turk. The domination of the Turk means that the nations of south-

eastern Europe are to remain bondmen in their own land, denied, not merely the political rights of freemen, but the common rights of human beings. It means that the vast mass of the people of the land shall remain in a condition of permanent subjection to a handful of barbarian invaders; it means that at any moment the caprice of these invaders may turn that permanent subjection into a reign of terror, a reign of every excess of insult and outrage and fortune that the perverse wit of an "oriental people" can devise. This state of things Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby, if left to themselves, will prolong. If they are left to settle matters in their own way, the owls of Bulgaria and Herzegovina will never complain of a lack of ruined villages. Mark that the best thing that Lord Derby has ever said, his nearest approach that he has made to an acknowledgment of the existence of such things as justice and freedom, is when he said that he had "no objection" to exchange this state of things for a better. He has no objection to the change; but he clearly will not do anything actively to bring it about. But Lord Derby's employers and educators are of a different mind; they not only have no objection to a change, but they have the strongest objection to the continuance of the *status quo*. Sir Stafford Northcote lately took on himself to say that the people do not understand questions of foreign policy. They have shown that they understand them a great deal better than Sir Stafford Northcote or Lord Derby. They see that, if the *status quo* be maintained, if anything short of practical independence be given to the revolted lands, the whole tragedy will soon be played over again. There will be more insurrections, more wars, more massacres, and, more awful still, more diplomatic "difficulties" and "complications." The people of England demand that, now that the Eastern question is "opened," it shall be settled; they know that settlements of this kind are no settlements at all, but simply wretched shifts to stave off a settlement. The people of England have, with one voice, declared that, however much Mr. Baring may satisfy Sir Henry Elliot, however much Sir Henry Elliot may satisfy Lord Beaconsfield, none of them will satisfy the common employers of all, if they attempt to make a settlement on any terms short of the practical independence of the revolted lands. Those lands must be separated from the direct rule of the Turks. Last Decem-

ber I pleaded for the separation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; to this demand the universal voice of England has added the separation of Bulgaria, while not a few voices have added the separation of Crete. If Lord Derby enters on any legislation with the faintest purpose of accepting any terms short of these, he will show that his education has not yet been carried at all near to the point at which his progress will satisfy his employers.

At this time of day it is perhaps hardly needful to answer objections about forsaking the traditional policy of England, or to reason against stupid fear of the Russian bugbear. To the former objection the simple answer is that the policy of England has for a long time been a wrong policy, and that England has made up her mind to exchange it for a right policy. England will no more acknowledge, if it ever did acknowledge, the base doctrine of Lord Derby that we are never to interfere in any matter but where our interest demands it. The people, generous in its sentiments, even when it is mistaken as to facts, will never stoop to such teaching as this. The people approved the Russian war, because they were taught to believe that the Russian war was undertaken in a generous cause. We must repeat again for the thousandth time that the duty of England comes before her interest. We must, at any risk, undo the wrong that we have done. If to undo that wrong should bring the Russians to Constantinople, if it should weaken our empire in India, let the Russians come to Constantinople, let our empire in India be weakened. Lord Beaconsfield said that the fleet was sent to Besika Bay in pursuit of honor and glory. The kind of honor and glory of which he spoke may perhaps demand that the nations of south-eastern Europe be again pressed down under the yoke. But the people of England have had enough of that kind of honor and glory. They have learned that true honor and glory can be won only by doing right at all hazards.

As for the Russian hobgoblin, no friend of south-eastern Europe wishes to see Constantinople Russian. All that we say is that, if we are driven to choose between Turk and Russian, we will take the Russian. But we say this, not in the interest of England, but in the interest of south-eastern Europe. We wish to see the now enslaved nations grow up for themselves, developing their own energies, striking out paths of freedom and progress for themselves. Therefore we do not wish to see

them subjects of Russia. But, if this cannot be, if the only choice lies between a civilized and a barbarous despotism, between a despotism which at least secures to its subjects the common rights of human beings and a despotism which makes no attempt to secure them, we have no doubt as to which despotism we ought to choose. And we feel that, if things come to such a choice, the fault will not be ours, but the fault of those who have allowed Russia to take the championship of right out of the hands of England. Even if it could be shown that the interest of England lay on the side of the worse choice, we should still again say, Let the interest of England give way to her duty. But the notion that England has any interest in the matter is simply a worn-out superstition. I saw the other day an argument that it was not for the interest of England to allow any strong power to hold the Bosphoros. Here is the wicked old doctrine that the strength of one nation must be the weakness of another. The stronger the power that holds the Bosphoros the better, provided it be a native power. But if the folly and weakness of our diplomats have decreed that it should be held, not by a native but by a Russian power, we shall lament the result, but we shall fail to see how the interest of England is involved. The only ground on which it has ever been pretended that our interest is touched in the matter, has been because it is said that the presence of Russia on the Bosphoros would block our path to India. But our path to India does not lie by the Bosphoros, but by Suez; and if Egypt could be transferred from its present merciless tyrant to the rule of England or of any other civilized power, it would be the greatest of boons for all the inhabitants, Mahometan and Christian, of that unhappy land.

When I am asked what is to be done, I say again what I said in December, with such changes as have been made needful by the events of the last nine months. Bosnia, Turkish Croatia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, and Crete must be delivered from the immediate rule of the sultan. This is the least that outraged Europe can accept. This is the commission which Lord Derby has received in the plainest terms from his employers and educators. And the word Bulgaria must not be limited to the land north of Hæmus, which alone bears that name in our maps. The Bulgarian folk and speech, the remains of the kingdom of Samuel, reach far to the south of the mountains, and a large part of the

worst deeds of the Turk have been done south of the mountains. This is the *minimum*, the least which can be demanded in the name of outraged humanity. All those lands must be put in a position not worse than the position of Roumania now, not worse than the position of Serbia before the war. It is in no way hampering or embarrassing the government to quote a favorite party cry of the moment, to give them, in answer to Lord Derby's own request, these plain instructions. The exact boundaries of the new states to be formed, the exact form of government to be set up in each, the princes, if they are to have princes, who are to be chosen for each, these are points of detail which we leave to the assembled wisdom of Europe. We may criticise any definite proposal when it is made; it is not our business to make definite proposals beforehand. Let Turkish rule cease, and though one change may be better than another, any change will be better than Turkish rule. As for Serbia, no one will stop to discuss the insolent paper which was put forth by the baffled barbarian who tries to win by fraud what he has found that he cannot win by arms. The Turk has wrought his evil deeds in Serbia, but he has not conquered Serbia; the impudent demands which go on the assumption that he has conquered Serbia must be thrust down his own barbarian throat. Let Serbia be not worse off than she was before the war; let the revolted lands be not worse off than Serbia; this is the programme of the people of England. Details they leave to those whose business it is to settle them; but their minds are made up as to the root of the matter. Less than I have just said they will not have.

Events do indeed pass quickly. Between the writing of the last paragraph and its revision, the insolence of the barbarian himself has been outshone. The lowest bellow in the Oxford mob could not depart farther from the truth, farther from reason, farther from decency, than Lord Beaconsfield did in his notorious speech at Aylesbury. When the new earl told the world that to speak the truth about Turkish "atrocities" was a greater "atrocities" than to do them, it was hard not to remember that there is but one living statesman of whom it has been said that he says the first thing that comes into his head, and takes his chance of its being true. When we go on and read the monstrous misstatements which Lord Beaconsfield was not ashamed to make with regard to the affairs of Serbia, it is hard not to re-

flect on that curious rule of conventional good breeding by which to call such mis-statements by their plain English name is deemed a greater offence than to make them. But the Psalmist's phrase of "them that speak leasing," Gulliver's phrase about saying "the thing that is not," may perhaps be allowed even in those serene regions where the new earl tells us that he walks. And truly Lord Beaconsfield's babble about Servia—not "coffee-house babble," but babble doubtless over some stronger liquor—was, if any human utterance ever was, "the thing that is not." Lord Beaconsfield, by his own account, should have talked about barley; he perhaps meant, instead of talking about barley, to sow the wild oats of his new state of being. The one thing of importance in this strange harangue is Lord Beaconsfield's distinct assertion that the revolted lands shall not be free. The people of England have distinctly said that they shall be free. Whose voice is to be followed? To which of the two will Lord Derby listen as his educator? To which of the two will he yield obedience as his employer?

After Lord Beaconsfield's display at Aylesbury all earlier displays, as we come back to them, seem tame. There is, for instance, the paltry cavil, the last straw at which the despairing advocates of evil clutch, the slander that the revolted lands are unworthy, incapable of freedom. Will they become more worthy, more capable, by remaining in bondage? In diplomatic circles it would seem that men learn the art of swimming without ever going into the water, that they learn the art of riding without ever mounting a horse. The lesson of freedom can be learned only in the practice of freedom. There may be risks, there may be difficulties; some men have been drowned in learning the art of swimming; still, that art cannot be learned on dry land. We appeal to reason; we appeal to experience; diplomatic cavillers shut their eyes to both. Go to Servia; go to Montenegro; see what free Servia, what freer Montenegro, has done, and be sure that free Bulgaria will do as much.

Last of all, the programme which I have just sketched, the programme which the people of England have accepted, the programme which Lord Beaconsfield scoffs at, is only a *minimum*. It is the least that can be taken; if more can be had, so much the better. Such a programme is in its own nature temporary; any programme must be temporary which endures the rule of the Turk in any corner of

Europe. But such a programme is not temporary in the sense in which the make-shifts of diplomatists, the maintenance of the *status quo* and the like, are temporary. Restore the *status quo*, grant anything short of practical independence, and all that has been done, all that has been suffered, during the last year will have to be done and suffered over again. If we free the revolted lands, even if we leave the lands which are not revolted still in bondage, we leave nothing to be done over again; we only leave something in front of us still to be done. We make a vast step in advance; we enlarge the area of freedom, even if we do not wholly wipe out the area of bondage. To maintain, or rather to restore, the *status quo* is to make the greatest of all steps backwards; it is to enlarge the area of bondage at the expense of the area of freedom. The programme of the *status quo*, the programme of Lord Beaconsfield, points nowhere; the programme of the people of England points distinctly in front. We will have New Rome some day; if Mr. Grant Duff can give it us at once, so much the better. The conversion of Mr. Grant Duff—for a conversion it may surely be called—is one of the most remarkable phases of the whole business. Mr. Grant Duff has never been held to be rash or sentimental; he has never been thought likely to say or do anything windy or gusty or frothy, to quote some of the epithets to which those who set facts, past and present, before the traditions of diplomatists have got pretty well seasoned. Only a few weeks ago, some of us were tempted to look on Mr. Grant Duff as almost as cold-blooded as Lord Derby himself. All is now changed. Mr. Grant Duff undertakes to lead us to the walls of Constantinople; and, where he undertakes to lead, no one can be called foolhardy for following. There is no need even to dispute about such a detail as the particular ruler whom Mr. Grant Duff has chosen to place on the throne of the Leos and the Basils. Mr. Grant Duff has perhaps had better opportunities than most of us for judging of the Duke of Edinburgh's qualifications for government. At any rate we may be certain of one thing; his rule would be better than the rule of any sultan. The examples of Servia and Montenegro, the example of Sweden—even the example of France—might, one would have thought, done something to get rid of the queer superstition that none can reign whose fathers have not reigned before them. A man who had had some practice



in ruling, an experienced colonial governor for instance, might perhaps seem better fitted for the post than one who is a prince, and, as far as we know, only a prince. But here again it would be foolish to dispute about details. Any civilized ruler would be better than any barbarian. And Mr. Grant Duff's proposal for the employment of Indian officials is at all events wise and practical. Our platform then is simple. The more impetuous fervor of Mr. Gladstone leads us to a certain point, which is the least with which we can put up. The colder reason of Mr. Grant Duff leads us to a further point, to which we shall be delighted to follow him thither if we can, and, if he assures us that we can, no one can have any reason to doubt his assurance. Lord Derby then has his lesson; he has his commission. His teachers, his employers, have spoken their mind. The least we ask is the freedom of the revolted lands; but we take this only as a step to the day when the New Rome shall be cleansed from barbarian rule. There may be risks, there may be difficulties; but the Turk would hardly be so mad as to stand up against six great powers. Three such powers have in past times been enough to bring him to reason. If the trembling despot dares to dispute the will of his masters, he must again be taught a yet more vigorous form of the same lesson which was taught him when France cleansed Peloponnesus of the destroying Egyptian, when England, France, and Russia joined to crush the power of the Turk in the harbor of Pylos. The blinded ministers of that day could see in the good work nothing but an "untoward event." England now is wiser. Her people will have quite another name in their mouths, if the obstinacy of the barbarian should again draw upon him such another stroke of righteous vengeance.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From Fraser's Magazine.  
CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN WEST AFRICA.

BY A NEGRO.\*

It is little more than half a generation since four millions of Africans were held in apparently hopeless bondage in the United States — a condition which determined their status as one of social subordination and inferiority in all Christian lands.

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The emancipation in the British, French, Danish, and Dutch colonies was able, it seems, to effect little towards improving the standing of the negro. He was bound to a servile position until the supremacy of the cotton empire of the West was overthrown. The proclamation of freedom in the United States gave to the negro at once a position which he had never before occupied; and though he is in America numerically weak, and, in a measure, personally insignificant, still the barriers in the way of his progress and growth are rapidly disappearing.

But it is not easy to efface impressions which have been busily taught and cheerfully imbibed during centuries. The Christian world, trained for the last three hundred years to look upon the negro as made for the service of superior races, finds it difficult to shake off the notion of his absolute and permanent inferiority. Distrust, coldness, or indifference are the feelings with which, generally speaking, any efforts on his part to advance are regarded by the enlightened races. The influence of the representations disparaging to his mental and moral character, which, during the days of his bondage, were persistently put forward without contradiction, is still strong in many minds. The full effect of the new status of the negro race will not be sufficiently felt during the present generation to relieve even his best friends of the pity or contempt for him which they may be said to have inherited, and which, we will grant, has been fostered from the civilized world coming in contact, for the most part, only with the degraded tribes of the African continent.

One of the most important of the results which have occurred from the labors and sufferings of Livingstone has been the light which he has been able to throw upon the subject of the African races at home, awakening at least doubts in the minds of the most apathetic as to the truthfulness or fairness of the representations disparaging to the negro's character which have been for so long a time in unimpeded circulation. The whole Christian world has been aroused by that humble missionary to the importance of "healing the open sore of the world" and penetrating the "dark continent" with the light of Christianity and civilization. Catholics and Protestants — Christians of every name and nationality — are vying with each other in endeavors to promote the work of African regeneration.

One sanguine or sensational letter from Mr. Stanley calling attention to a favorable

opening for missionary operations in East Africa fell upon the British public like seed into prepared soil, and in a short time, a bountiful harvest was reaped in the shape of thousands of pounds in response to the more urgent than "Macedonian cry." This prompt liberality shows that there are Christian men and women in England who are deeply in earnest in the work of disseminating the truths of the gospel in Africa.

It is evident that, at the present moment, there is no mission field in which the Christian public are so anxiously interested for the safety, welfare, and success of the missionaries as the African, and there is none, moreover, whose successful working by European missionaries so ultimately depends upon special and constant study of the mental and moral habits of the people and the climatic peculiarities of the country. And yet in the constant necessity which presses upon missionary committees at home and upon missionaries themselves to find what may hold the public ear, in the impatient demand for immediate visible results, in the unceasing strain after fresh subjects for exciting paragraphs, no leisure or repose is left for quiet thought, for grappling with new facts, or for giving due weight to views out of their accustomed groove of thought.

We do not set before ourselves in the present paper the ambitious task of propounding or discussing any new theory of African missions. To describe accurately or intelligibly how missions in Africa ought to be conducted, so as to come nearer than they have yet done to a realization of the expectations of their supporters in Europe and America — so as in some measure to Christianize the African tribes — would probably be as difficult and impossible a task as any thinking man could well undertake. We are, for our own part, inclined to cut the Gordian knot by expressing the belief that it will not be given to the present generation of foreign workers in this field to solve the problem — or rather problems — presented by the enormous work of African Christianization. This is a privilege, we venture to believe, reserved for the "missionaries of the future."\*

Still it may not be altogether unprofitable to consider some of the results thus

far attained, and the hindrances in the way of more satisfactory achievements.

It is now nearly four hundred years since the first attempt was made to introduce Christianity into the western portion of Africa. The summary of Christian missions on this coast may be given in a few words.

The Roman Catholics come first. In 1481 the king of Portugal sent ten ships with five hundred soldiers, one hundred laborers, and a proper complement of priests as missionaries to Elmina. The Romish missions thus founded lingered on for a period of two hundred and forty-one years, till at last in 1723 that of the Capuchins at Sierra Leone was given up and they disappeared altogether from West Africa. They had made no impression, except upon their immediate dependants; and what impression they made on them was soon totally obliterated.

Protestant missionary attempts were commenced by the Moravians in 1736, one hundred and forty years ago, and continued till 1770. Five attempts cost eleven lives without visible results.

The Wesleyans follow next. In the minutes of the Conference of 1792 we first find Africa on the list of the Wesleyan missionary stations, Sierra Leone being the part occupied. In the minutes for 1796 we find the names of A. Murdoch and W. Patten set down as missionaries to the Foulah country, in Africa, to which service they were solemnly set apart by Conference.

The Church Missionary Society sent out its first missionaries in 1804. They established and attempted to maintain ten stations among the aborigines, but they could make no progress owing to the hostility of the natives, who preferred the slave-traders to them. The missionaries were forced to take refuge in Sierra Leone, the only place where at that time they could labor with safety and hope.

The Basle Missionary Society — one of the most successful on the coast — had their attention directed to Western Africa as early as 1826. But it was not until 1828 that their first company of missionaries reached Christianborg, near Akra, the place which the Moravians had attempted to occupy more than thirty years previously.

The United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland commenced a mission on the Old Calabar River in the Gulf of Benin, in April 1846.

Five denominations of American Christians — Baptists, Methodists, Episcopa-

\* The relations of the present generation of Europeans with the African races have not been such as to allow them to be unbiased workers in the African field. While like David they may receive commendation for having conceived the idea of building the great Christian temple in Africa, it may be only given to them to open the way, collect the materials, etc.; other hands may have to rear the superstructure.

lians, Presbyterians, Lutherans — are represented on the coast — in Liberia, at Lagos, the island of Coresco, and Gaboon. The first American mission was established on the coast in 1822.

Now what has been the outcome of these missionary operations? The results thus far achieved are in many respects highly interesting and important. At the European settlements established at various points along the coast from Senegal to Loanda, and at the purely native stations, occupied by the Niger (native) missionaries, the Scotch missionaries, and the American missionaries, some thousands of natives, having been brought under the immediate influence of Christian teaching, have professed Christianity, and, at the European settlements, have adopted European dress and habits. Numerous churches have been organized and are under a native ministry, and thousands of children are gathered into schools under Christian teachers.

The *West African Reporter*, a weekly newspaper owned and published at Sierra Leone exclusively by natives, and itself an interesting evidence of the progress of civilization on the coast, gives, in its issue for January 4, 1876, the following: —

The Niger Mission and the native pastorate — which latter has received the encomiums of friends and foes — are standing monuments of the (Church Missionary) Society's labors, and proofs of the permanence of results thus far achieved. Bishop Crowther, the first negro bishop, the Rev. James Johnson of Lagos, Dr. Africanus Horton, the distinguished physician and author, and numerous others, less widely known but not less useful, sat under the instructions which have been imparted in the Church Missionary College at Fourah Bay in Sierra Leone.

But other useful men besides preachers have been raised up under the instruction of the missionaries: many able and useful government officials, skilful mechanics — especially at the Basle Mission — and merchants, who by their intelligence, industry, and enterprise have risen to an equality in wealth and influence with the European merchants on the coast.

Still these results, in their largest measure, are confined almost exclusively to the European settlements along the coast and to their immediate neighborhood. No mission station of any importance has been established among any of the powerful tribes in the interior, or on the coast at a distance from European settlements. In the evangelistic operations of the Niger mission, we can hear of no central station

of influence among any of the leading tribes. Bishop Crowther's last report of the "Mission among the Natives of the Bight of Biafra, at Bonny, Brass, and New Calabar Rivers," \* after ten years' labor, is not particularly encouraging.

The work done at Serra Leone and in Liberia cannot be regarded as done upon the indigenous elements of those localities. The native populations of Serra Leone and Liberia — the Timneh, Soosoos, Mendis, Veys, Solahs, Bassas, Kroos, etc. — are still untouched by evangelical influence. The visitor at Sierra Leone and at Monrovia is at once struck by the exotic appearance of everything. The whole black population of those settlements who have made any progress in Christian civilization have been imported — in the case of Sierra Leone from other parts of Africa, and in that of Liberia from America. If everything extraneous or imported were taken away from the settlements to-morrow, the regions they now occupy would wear an aspect similar to that which they presented to Sir John Hawkins three hundred years ago, without, however, the pleasing moral characteristics attributed to the population of that un-Europeanized period by that great pioneer of English African slave-traders. But even the civilizing work done in the settlements is not without its drawbacks.

In the *African Times* for January 1, 1876, the editor, after the labor of half a generation in the cause of west-African progress, opens the year with the following lament: —

Lagos has grievously disappointed our hopes and expectations. She is not what she ought to be after years of annexation to the British crown. It is no cause for wonder, therefore, that she has not exercised that influence on the heathen within her and in the neighboring countries which we looked for from her. . . . The professed Christians of Lagos ought to be a mighty phalanx against the surrounding heathenism; but we do not see that they have made any successful attack upon it.

Governor Berkeley, in his "Blue Book Report of the Settlement of Lagos for 1872," estimates the population of the entire settlement at 60,221, out of which there were only 92 whites; and he adds: —

This settlement contributes nothing towards the promotion of religion or education. The Church Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Society, and the Roman Catholics are all represented in the shape of ministers, churches, and schools.†

\* *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, August 1875.

† Papers Relating to her Majesty's Colonial Possessions. Part I. 1874, p. 138.

Sir Charles Adderley, after a full and careful investigation of the subject, says:—

Barbarism survives, for all we expend in lives and taxes to establish what must prove, after all, an ineffectual administration of English power in west-African country.\*

In the *West African Reporter* (Feb. 1, 1876) we are informed that—

The Timnehs of Quiah to this day look with wistful eyes to the peninsula of Sierra Leone, the Bananas Island down to Carmaranca Creek, the Ribbee and Bompeh Rivers, and their hearts are burning with revenge against the powers that wrenched these places from the hands of their ancestors. Their chiefs are dissatisfied with the stipends they receive, as being no equivalent remuneration for the occupation and use of their lands by our government; and they are only prevented from making any mischievous move from want of power.

The Hon. James S. Payne, the new president of Liberia, in his inaugural address, delivered January 3, 1876, refers to the actual state of things in Liberia, which does not exist at Sierra Leone only "from want of power" on the part of the aborigines. He says:—

The war now raging (between the Americo-Liberians and the aborigines of Cape Palmas) has been the subject of consideration for more than three years, of which frequent intimations were given without being accredited. It has for one of its objects the re-possession of the territory at the cost of exterminating the entire civilized population. It is a war against civilization and Christianity. Upwards of forty years of untiring Christian mission effort among them as preferred objects of the missions of the Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal Missions, has made them rather to hate than to admire Christian civilization.

Now let us see what is the view taken, as a general thing, of African mission *protégés* by intelligent pagan natives. We have several expressions in regard to "Christianized" natives made in our hearing by native chiefs in whose country we have travelled; but we prefer to quote the criticism of the king of Dahomey, as given to the world by Commodore Wilmot in a despatch to Admiral Walker under date of January 21, 1863. The commodore was remonstrating with the king against making war upon the people of Abbeokuta, among whom were many professed Christians:—

He promised faithfully for my sake [says the commodore] to spare all the Christians and send them to Whydah, and that his gen-

eral should have strict orders to this effect. I asked him about the Christians at Ishagga. He said, "Who knew they were Christians? The black man says he is a white man, calls himself a Christian, and dresses himself in clothes: it is an insult to the white man. I respect the white man, but these people are impostors, and no better than my own people."

I reasoned with him no longer on this subject [adds the commodore,] because I thought his observations so thoroughly just and honest.\*

Now here is a Christian European of intelligence and influence endorsing the disparaging estimate of Christian Africans as given by a pagan African of intelligence and influence.†

Sir Charles Adderley calls attention to "the strange graft of skill upon barbarous fanaticism which natives acquire who have been played with by dilettante philanthropists in distant unconcerned authority."‡

The foreign virtues these natives acquire never rise above the parasitical. Their culture is superficial, and its effects artificial, presenting very often an appearance of insincerity and absurdity both to the foreign observer and to the pagan of intelligence. Pagans of discernment know that the black man among them who "calls himself a Christian and dresses himself in clothes" adheres to European habits and customs with a reserved power of disengagement, as a limpet clings to a rock. These customs seldom strike root in his mind, and grow up as an independent plant. Africans who have been educated even in England, on returning to their own country and among their own people have again adopted the native dress and habits. And it would show a very slender knowledge of human nature to expect anything else.

Now, why is it that the evangelization of the tribes of west Africa, after so many years of effort and so vast a sacrifice of life and money, is so backward? The first and most generally admitted cause is the unhealthiness of the climate; and this cause, we may premise, affects injuriously all progress and growth in west Africa to a far greater extent than is generally supposed. No one will undertake to dispute at this day that the moral and intellectual character of a people is very largely dependent upon their physical environments. No great man physically or mentally has ever been developed in the inhospitable

\* British and Foreign State Papers, 1863-64, vol. liv, p. 351.

† "Educated natives" is often used by Europeans on the coast as a phrase of contempt.

‡ Colonial Policy and History, p. 158.

\* Colonial Policy and History, p. 218.

regions of Greenland or Tierra del Fuego. In some countries a high degree of even material progress is impossible. In Brazil, for instance, Mr. Buckle tells us, "the progress of agriculture is stopped by impassable forests, and the harvests are devoured by innumerable insects. The mountains are too high to scale—the rivers too wide to bridge." A portion of the indomitable Anglo-Saxon race from the Southern States of North America have had an opportunity recently of testing these statements. They attempted to found a colony in Brazil, but the obstacles presented by nature proved insuperable. They have returned to the United States.\*

Now it is well known that a belt of malarious lands which are hot-beds of fever extends along the whole of the west coast of Africa, running from forty to fifty miles back from the seacoast. In this region of country neither cattle nor horses will thrive. Horses will not live at all. Sheep, goats, and hogs drag out an indifferent existence. At Sierra Leone, Monrovia, and other settlements on the coast, fortunes have been expended by lovers of horses in trying to keep them; but with the most scrupulous and expensive care they die. The experiment of keeping them constantly housed, like human beings, and imposing upon them the regulation, "early to bed, and early to rise," has, we believe, not yet been tried.†

The healthfulness of a country or district, at any given time, may generally be determined by the condition of the animals. In pestilential disorders, four-footed animals are said to be first attacked, from their living more in the open air than man, and being, therefore, more exposed to the action of the atmosphere.

Οὐράς μὲν πρῶτον ἐπώχετο καὶ κύνας ἀργούς.  
 Ἀντάρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἐχπευκὲς ἔρις,  
 Βάλλ'‡.

In the elevated regions of the interior of west Africa, where there are no dense primeval forests, extensive swamps, and pestilential jungles, cattle and horses show no sign of "infection" or "poisoned state of the blood." They flourish in uncounted

herds. And in those regions men are healthy, vigorous, and intelligent.

The interior tribes who have from time to time migrated to the coast have perished or degenerated. Every child born on the coast is stunted physically and mentally in the cradle by the jungle fever which assails it a few days after birth. European infants seldom survive such attacks. The very tribe occupying the country about Gallinas and Cape Mount have traditions that they came to the coast as conquerors, driving before them all the tribal organizations which opposed their march. They were a numerous, intelligent, handsome people. Now, only melancholy traces of what they once were can be discovered in individuals of that waning tribe. "It is to be observed," says the *West African Reporter*,\* "that the Mendi as he approaches the sea becomes more degenerate. Laying aside his innocent, manly exercises, he betakes himself to plundering." It would appear that by a process of natural selection the finest organizations die. Those most capable or "fittest" to endure the pestilential regions, by reason of a coarser or more brutal nature, "survive." We have, then, morally speaking, the "survival" of the "unfittest."

The steady physical, if not mental, deterioration going on among the descendants of re-captives at Sierra Leone is sometimes attributed by superficial observers to their having enjoyed superior facilities for European education to their fathers. But the same decay is observable among the Mohammedan creoles who have not deviated much from the customs of their ancestors. The Rev. S. W. Koelle, an experienced German missionary, called attention, some years ago, to the important contrast as to salubrity between the coast and the interior. In the preface to his Bornou grammar, he says:—

The natives of dry and arid countries, as e.g., Bornou, Hausa, the Sahara, etc., die very fast in Sierra Leone; their acclimatization there seems to be almost as difficult as that of Europeans.

In the course of thirty years two hundred Bornouese residents of Sierra Leone had been reduced to thirty. And, as we have said, those who do not die degenerate, and become dependent upon the tribes of the healthier regions. All the coast tribes, from Senegal to Lagos, where no

\* The *Times*, January 18, 1876.

† In 1871, Dr. McCoy, colonial surgeon (of Sierra Leone), sent to the Royal Veterinary College, London, a report on the then so-called "loin disease" (of horses), and the opinion formed thereon by the professor of the college was that the disease arose out of the poisoned state of the blood, the disease being conveyed into the system by means of the atmosphere.—Sierra Leone *West African Reporter*, February 1, 1876.

‡ On mules and dogs the infection first began, And last the vengeful arrow fixed in man.

\* February 1, 1876.



alien influence interferes, are held under the sway of the interior tribes. Everybody now knows that the tribes of the gold coast are no match in intelligence, enterprise, and energy for the Ashantees.

Under such circumstances, unless missionary boards or committees, and the American Colonization Society in America are content to repeat the sacrifices they have already made of life and treasure, during another fifty years, with similar inadequate results, would it not be wisdom to try operations in the healthy regions of the interior, where "every prospect pleases," and "man" is *not* so "vile"? As long as the malarious vegetation and deadly mangrove swamps occupy so large a proportion of west-African territory, there will be no more probability of making any permanent moral, or even material progress on the coast, or of developing a great mind, than there is of improving the haunts of the polar bear and the reindeer.\* Of course, the resources of the philanthropic world in men and money are inexhaustible, and they have the power of prolonging the experiment indefinitely; and it may be the highest philanthropy to labor to prepare men for the "world to come" in a country where they can have no reasonable hope of enjoying the "world that now is." Many a European visiting this coast returns to his country never to enjoy the vigor of health again. For northern constitutions, the effect of a residence in this country, generally speaking, is similar to that said to have been produced upon the ancients by a visit to the cave of Trophœus — they never smile again.

But another drawback to the success of missions on this coast is the inadequate, not to say contemptuous, view often entertained by European missionaries of the materials with which they have to deal; and this may be assigned as one of the leading causes why no serious effort is made to go to the healthy "regions beyond." They come to the coast imbued with the notions they have derived from books of the "sanguinary customs" and "malignant superstitions" of the natives. And under the influence of their malarious surroundings they gain more in irritability of temper than in liberality of views,

often acquiring greater ignorance of the people than they had before they came. We were startled some time ago by reading a remarkable description of African character, as given by an American missionary from west Africa in the course of an address delivered in the United States. He said:—

The Chinaman meets you with the stolid morality of his Confucianism; the Hindoo with astute logic for his Pantheism. The missionary among those people is assaulting strongholds, bristling with guns and bayonets. When I carry my torch into the caves of Africa, I meet only filthy birds of darkness, bats, owls, and evil things of night, that, bewildered by the light, know not how to blunder out, or out, blunderingly dash themselves in again.\*

Similar to this are descriptions we have read from time to time in missionary periodicals.† Now, we earnestly protest against such utterances as not only gross exaggerations, but as to the last degree pernicious in their influence, as they are made to apply not only to the natives of the coast, demoralized by their physical surroundings and by European vices, but to all Africans, and they lead young and inexperienced missionaries entirely astray as to the course they should pursue with the people. Coming to the coast under such teaching, they are induced to adopt a method of dealing with the natives, and to maintain a demeanor, which, in spite of their educational and other services, inspire the people among whom they labor with feelings of impatience, if not of dislike. And it is not difficult to see that the missionary entertaining such views must labor under very great subjective disadvantages. From his outlook the work is magnified to enormous proportions. The African mind is regarded as a great blank, or worse than a blank, filled with everything dark and horrible and repulsive. Everything is to be destroyed, and replaced by something new and foreign. Not such were the views entertained of Africans by the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, who, having been from childhood acquainted with negroes in the United States, spent twenty years as a missionary in west Africa, where he had opportunity to visit every place of importance along the seacoast, and made extensive excursions in many of the maritime districts. He studied and reduced to writing two of the

\* Professor Draper in his "Conflict between Religion and Science" tells us of a civilization that had been accomplished in Central America resting on an agriculture that had neither horse nor ox nor plough. If the way could be discovered of accomplishing a civilization in these days with the slender appliances which such a statement would imply, then there might be hope for west Africa.

\* Address delivered before the American Colonization Society by Rev. R. H. Nassau, M.D., January 21, 1873.

† See an article on "The Negro" in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* (London) for August 1873.

leading languages of the country. In the record of his African experiences, he says:—

Looking at the African race as we have done, in their native country, we have seen no obstacles to their elevation which would not apply equally to all other uncultivated races of men.

We do not expect Africans, under any circumstances, to possess the energy, the enterprise, or the inventive powers of the white man. But there are other traits, quite as commendable as these, in which, if properly trained, he will greatly excel his white compeer. Naturally, the African is social, generous, confiding, and, when brought under the benign influence of Christianity, he exemplifies the beauty and consistency of his religion more than any other human being on the face of the earth. And the time may come when they may be held up to all the rest of the world as examples of the purest and most elevated Christian virtue.\*

The more slender the outfit as to educational training and experience of those who come as instructors to the coast, the more supercilious, as, of course, must be the case, is their bearing. Many and amusing are the instances encountered by intelligent Africans of the very limited qualifications, coupled with large pretensions, of not a few who are sent to the coast as instructors. While sitting on the passengers' deck of one of the African mail steamers, a few years ago, we heard a young Englishman who had been engaged in educational work on the coast, and was returning home on leave, descending upon the "utter inferiority of the African"—and, by the way, these men who come to guide the "benighted" seldom hesitate (such is their very high breeding) to indulge in most contemptuous utterances about the race in the hearing of any member of it who may be a stranger to them. This young man—we say young man, though his hair was slightly sprinkled with grey—overflowing with erudition, and anxious to make known the extent of his researches in African philology, remarked to a comrade, "The stolidity of these Africans is astonishing. Their words are mostly monosyllabic, and even those tribes whose vocabulary is the most copious possess no expressions for abstract ideas." Attracted by the Johnsonese character of the sentence, we turned towards him and said, "Sir, the words in the sentence which you just uttered that convey any idea at all, are either Roman or Greek. All the purely English words

you employed are monosyllabic, expressing no abstract thought." "Oh," he replied, with some surprise, "but that only proves that we possessed the ability to appropriate and apply such foreign terms as we considered serviceable—a feat which your people are unable to achieve." To this second outburst of almost pure Latin we made no reply, but turned away, leaving our learned pedagogue to enjoy the belief that, under the influence of his irresistible argument, we had succumbed; but we noticed that he took care during the remainder of the voyage to indulge, while in our hearing, in no more "high falutin."

We are not of those who deprecate international prejudices; they will exist, probably, until the millennium; for God, "who hath made of one blood all nations of men," hath also "appointed the bounds of their habitation," and within those "bounds" special and divergent tastes will arise among the nations. We remember when, accompanied about six years ago, on a tour in the interior of Monrovia, by Mr. Winwood Reade, we arrived at Boporo,\* a town about seventy-five miles from the coast, where a white man had rarely been seen, how the women and children fled in every direction at the appearance of Mr. Reade; and it was not until we had been there several days that the children would venture near enough to speak to him. We are told that a charitable old woman, who afforded Mungo Park a meal and lodging, on the banks of the Niger, could not refrain, even in the midst of her kindness, from exclaiming, "God preserve us from the DEVIL," as she looked upon him.

These deprecatory feelings doubtless arise from the erroneous impressions entertained by Africans of the interior of the mental and moral concomitants of a white skin. The white man, in the imagination of the unsophisticated African, is a cannibal. The negro of the ordinary traveller or missionary—and perhaps of two-thirds of the Christian world—is a purely fictitious being, constructed out of the traditions of slave-traders and slave-holders, who have circulated all sorts of absurd stories, and also out of prejudice inherited from ancestors, who were taught to regard the negro as a legitimate object of traffic. And perhaps, as Bishop Heber has remarked, the "hair and features" of the negro, "far

\* This visit is described in Reade's "African Sketch-Book," vol. ii. Mr. Reade correctly represents the impressions of Africans on first seeing a white man. Vol. i., pp. 328-29.

\* Wilson's "Western Africa," chap. xi.

more than his color," are responsible for these erroneous conceptions. We entertain no resentment at such feelings on the part of Europeans; but as the object of missionary labor is undoubtedly success, we may venture to suggest that such views, cherished by missionaries, and allowed in a marked manner to influence their demeanor on mission ground, may possibly interfere with the wholesome results at which they aim.

But with regard to all the charges of superstition, etc., made against native Africans, and in consequence of which a hopeless "incapacity of amelioration" is sometimes attributed to the whole race, we may remark, that there is not a single mental or moral deficiency now existing among Africans—not a single practice now indulged in by them—to which we cannot find a parallel in the past history of Europe, and even after the people had been brought under the influence of a nominal Christianity. "Out of savages," says Professor Tyndall, "unable to count up to the number of their fingers, and speaking a language containing only nouns and verbs, arise at length our Newtons and Shakespeares."\*

Take *Polygamy*. We are told by Dr. Maclear that—

Nowhere was the ancient Slavonic superstition more deeply rooted than in Prussia. Every native of the country was allowed to have three wives, who were regarded as slaves, and on the death of their husbands they were expected to ascend the funeral pile or otherwise put an end to their lives.†

And Mr. Lecky says:—

The practice of polygamy among the barbarian kings was for some centuries unchecked, or at least unsuppressed, by Christianity. The kings Caribert and Chilperic had both many wives at the same time. Dagobert had three wives, as well as a multitude of concubines. Charlemagne himself had at the same time two wives, and he indulged largely in concubines.‡

Take *Slavery*. Slavery and the trade in slaves was almost more difficult to root out than paganism, and the inhuman traffic was in full activity as late as the tenth century between England and Ireland—the port of Bristol being one of its principal centres.§ In the canons of a council in London in 1102, it is ordered that no

one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute animals.\*

Take *Human Sacrifices*. Tacitus tells us that the old Teutons, generally sparing in offerings, presented on certain days human victims to Wodan. The old Swedes every nine years, on the great national festival, celebrated for nine days, offered nine male animals of every chief species, together with one man daily. The Danes, assembling every nine years in their capital, Lederun, sacrificed to their gods, ninety-nine horses, ninety-nine dogs, ninety-nine cocks, ninety-nine hawks, and ninety-nine men. The Prussians, previous to an engagement, offered through their high priest (Crime) an enemy to their gods, Pikollos and Potrimpos. The Goths thought victory impossible unless they had before offered a human sacrifice. The Saxons, after their war with Charlemagne, killed on the holy Harz Mountain all the Frankish prisoners in honor of their god Wodan.† And what shall we say of those human hecatombs offered during a period of three hundred years by Christians to the god of the slave-trade?

Hearst thou, O God, those chains  
Clanking on freedom's plains  
By Christians wrought?  
Them who those chains have worn  
Christians have hither borne,  
Christians have bought.

We have referred to only a few of the instances we might cite, many of which show that human sacrifices have prevailed most among communities that had advanced in the path of civilization; and we have quoted these instances not merely as a sort of *tu quoque* argument, but because so many careless writers are fond of dilating upon the "malignant superstitions" and "sanguinary customs" of the Africans, as if these things, owing to some essential inferiority or inherent disposition to wanton cruelty in the negro, were peculiar to him, and as if, moreover, they could be at once abolished by a few homilies on the stupidity and cruelty of such customs.‡

Now as to the "sanguinary customs" of the king of Dahomey. Every candid mind who will take the trouble to read carefully the descriptions of intelligent

\* Influence of Christianity on Civilization. By Thomas Craddock. Longmans, 1856.

† Kalisch's "Commentary on Leviticus," Part I.

‡ See a letter addressed to Mr. Winwood Reade by Mr. A. Swazy on the possibility of effecting important reforms in Dahomey by personal interviews with the king. Reade's "African Sketch-Book," vol. ii., p. 510.

\* Address at Belfast, 1874, p. 52.

† Apostles of Mediæval Europe, p. 259.

‡ Lecky's "History of European Morals," vol. ii., p. 363.

§ Maclear's "Mediæval Europe," p. 259.

travellers who have visited the Dahomeyan capital — Norris, Forbes, Wilmot, and even the cynical Burton — will find out that the accounts often circulated of the large numbers killed are gross exaggerations, and that the customs, far from being the result of a wanton desire to destroy human life, are “a practice founded on a pure religious basis, designed as a sincere manifestation of the king’s filial piety, sanctioned by long usage, upheld by a powerful priesthood, and believed to be closely bound up with the existence of Dahomey itself.” It is not in the power of the king to abrogate the custom. Its gradual extinction must be the result of the increasing intelligence of the people.

Commodore Wilmot had the opportunity of witnessing one of the “annual customs” at the capital of Dahomey, in reference to which the king said to him: —

You have seen that only a few are sacrificed, and not the thousands that wicked men have told the world. If I were to give up this custom at once, my head would be taken off to-morrow. These institutions cannot be stopped in the way you propose. By-and-by, little by little, much may be done; softly, softly, not by threats. You see how I am placed, and the difficulties in the way; by-and-by, by-and-by.

Dr. Draper says: —

In vain the Spaniards excuse their atrocities on the plea that a nation like the Mexican, which permitted cannibalism, should not be regarded as having emerged from the barbarous state, and that one which, like Peru, sacrificed human hecatombs at the funeral solemnities of great men, must have been savage. Let it be remembered that there is no civilized nation whose popular practices do not lag behind its intelligence. In America human sacrifice was part of a religious solemnity, unstained by passion.\*

But not only are there exaggerated tales in circulation in foreign countries disparaging to the *pagan* natives of Africa, there are equally erroneous impressions abroad about the Mohammedans. There is something lamentable — we were going to say grotesque — in the ignorance of some who assume to be authorities and guides on African matters, of the condition of things even a little distance from the coast. The editor of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, in what purports to be an examination of Mr. Bosworth Smith’s statements on the subject, informs his readers that “in the waiting-room of the Euston Square Station all the Mohammedan negroes in

Africa who have read the Koran, even once, might be most comfortably accommodated.” “The priests themselves cannot distinguish between *mumpsinus* and *sumpsinus* when they jabber the Koran, and do not attempt to understand other Arabic books.”\* We read and explained this passage to a young Mohammedan from the interior; his only reply to it was an outburst of uproarious laughter, and he could not, for a long time, suppress his merriment at what seemed to him an extraordinary lack of information on the part of one of the “people of the book” as to the condition of things in Africa. Not by such weapons is Africa to be penetrated. The work requires earnestness and accuracy of information. The day is past for such summary disposition of important and perplexing questions. All efforts which ignore the importance of accurate information of the people and the country must utterly fail, as being behind the times.

Sic fatus senior, telumque imbellis sine ictu  
Conjicit: rauco quod protenus aere repulsum,  
Et summo clypei nequidquam umbone pepen-  
dit.†

Only a few hours’ travel from Sierra Leone — if he would venture to visit the coast — would take the writer of the paragraph quoted above to a Mohammedan town where he would be able to count hundreds of Arabic volumes read and understood by their owners, and where he would find little boys who have read the Koran through.

In January 1873 the present writer visited, in company with Governor. Pope Hennessy of Sierra Leone, the Mohammedan literary institution at Billeh on the Great Scarcies River, about sixty miles NE. of Freetown; and in an interview with Fode Tarawally, the venerable head of the institution, we had an opportunity of examining his library. By order of the governor, the Arabic writer to the government took down the names of the principal works. In the list submitted were the titles of eighty-nine volumes, among which we noticed the following: “Commentary of Jelaladdin on the Koran,” “Commentary of Beidhawi,” “Traditions of Bukhari,” “Law Book,” by Khalil Ishak (2 vols.), “Rizalat of Imam Malik,” “Medical Treatise,” “Metrical Guide,” “Grammar,” “Rhetoric,” “Prosody,” “Makamat of Hariri,” “Ancient History,” etc., written

\* “History of the Intellectual Development of Europe,” chap. xix.

\* *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, August 1874, p. 247.

† Virgil’s “Æneid,” Book II., 543-545.

by Arabs. There were also volumes of prayers, poetry, rhetoric, history, composed by Mandingo and Foulah authors. The library of this distinguished sheikh, who is considered the most learned Mohammedan in this portion of west Africa, embraced well-nigh all the branches of human knowledge and research—theology, medicine, history, astronomy, grammar, etc. He entered into an interesting discussion on the respective merits of the different commentaries on the Koran, and seemed to give the preference to Beidhawi. Among his co-religionists, complete confidence is placed in the exactness of his traditional information, and on all doubtful questions his opinion is final. One of his sons composed, *calamo currente*, an acrostic poem in Arabic on the name of Governor Hennessy.\*

At a town not far from Billeh, a Foulah boy, not more than fourteen years old, was introduced to us as a hafiz—one who knows the Koran by heart. We tried him on several long chapters, and he recited them *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*, without the slightest hesitation. But he was only one of a number of such youths, whom we met in subsequent travels in the interior, who could recite not only the Koran, but many of the standard Arabic poems. Are there many youths in Christian lands who could recite even one book of the Bible from memory?

Every traveller who enters the Mohammedan regions of west and central Africa with sufficient basis of information to understand what he sees and hears is forced to admit that the man makes a great mistake who approaches the negro Muslims with the idea that they are "benighted Africans."

Mohammedanism in Africa, instead of being treated in the off-hand and contemptuous manner adopted by some, who seem to have gathered all their knowledge of the religion from the "Arabian Nights," ought to be approached with earnestness and respect; for there is much in it which Christians may profitably study, and from which they might glean important lessons. Mr. Bosworth Smith remarks in his lectures on Mohammed and Mohammedanism that "Christians have something at least to learn from Mohammedans which will make them not less but more Christian than they were before,"† and no one

who has seriously studied the subject will deny the truth of the remark. In the pending controversy, for example, about religious and secular education, Christians might profit by the example of Mohammedan communities where the one involves and is inseparable from the other. Their education is religious and their religion educational. The example set by them in the constant and unremitting study of their sacred book, the Koran, is not unworthy of imitation. Sir Wilfrid Lawson again, in his laudable efforts in behalf of temperance, might appeal to the effective Mohammedan legislation on the subject, and gather encouragement from the practical exemplification in all Mohammedan countries of the ultimate result of his theories. The advocates of a "beneficent Erastianism" might study Islam with profit. The Mohammedans have certainly attained, though on a lower ground, a degree of religious unity not yet witnessed in the Christian Church. At all events those who are engaged in missionary work in Mohammedan countries would not lose anything by heeding the thoughtful and common-sense advice of Barthélemy Siant-Hilaire:—

Il y a aujourd'hui dans trois parties du monde plus de cent millions de musulmans, et voilà douze cents ans passés que leur religion règne sur une bonne partie de l'Asie, de l'Afrique et même de l'Europe. A moins de traiter avec une légèreté aveugle cette portion considérable de l'humanité, qui a cependant à peu près les mêmes idées que nous sur Dieu et sa providence, il faut bien prendre au sérieux un fait aussi vaste et aussi durable. Le Mahométisme n'est pas près de disparaître; et pour faciliter les rapports qu'on a nécessairement avec lui, il faut tâcher de le comprendre dans tout ce qu'il a de vrai et de bon, et de ne pas l'exclure, malgré ses défauts trop réels, de cette bienveillance universelle que recommande la charité Chrétienne.\*

Growing out of the general misunderstanding of the people, the first and constant effort of the missionaries is to Europeanize them, without reference to their race peculiarities or the climatic conditions of the country, and this course has been attended with many serious drawbacks, preventing any healthy or permanent result. The missionary, often young and inexperienced, and having no model before him but that which he has left at home, endeavors to bring things in his new field as nearly as possible into conformity to that. Everything is new and strange to him, and

\* See a paper read by Governor Hennessy before the Society of Arts, April 29, 1873, and Reade's "African Sketch-Book," vol. I, p. 312, foot-note.

† Mohammed and Mohammedanism, preface to first edition, p. xi.

\* Mahomet et le Koran, p. 213.



nearly everything he regards with contempt for being so un-European; and with the earnest vigor and sanguine temper which belong to youth he preaches a crusade against the harmless customs and prejudices of the people—superseding many customs and habits necessary and useful in the climate and for the people by practices which, however useful they may be in Europe, become, when introduced indiscriminately into Africa, artificial, ineffective, and absurd. The “thin varnish of European civilization,” which the native thus receives, is mistaken for a genuine mental metamorphosis, when as a rule, owing to the imprudent hurry by which the convert’s reformation has been brought about, his Christianity, instead of being pure is superstitious, instead of being genuine is only nominal, instead of being deep is utterly superficial, and not having fairly taken root it cannot flourish and become reproductive. And here we cannot do better than quote from the utterances of a native clergyman of ability who, educated on the coast under missionary teaching, has felt the drawbacks of the system. He says:—

In the work of elevating Africans, foreign teachers have always proceeded with their work on the assumption that the negro or the African is in every one of his normal susceptibilities an inferior race, and that it is needful in everything to give him a foreign model to copy; no account has been made of our peculiarities—our languages, enriched with the traditions of centuries; our parables, many of them the quintessence of family and national histories; our modes of thought, influenced more or less by local circumstances; our poetry and manufactures, which, though rude, had their own tales to tell; our social habits and even the necessities of our climate. It has been forgotten that European ideas, tastes, languages, and social habits, like those of other nations, have been influenced more or less by geographical positions and climatic peculiarities; that what is esteemed by one country polite, may be justly esteemed by another rude and barbarous; and that God does not intend to have the races confounded, but that the negro or African should be raised upon his own idiosyncrasies. The result has been that we as a people think more of everything that is foreign, and less of that which is purely native, have lost our self-respect and our love for our own race, are become a sort of nondescript people, and are in many things inferior to our brethren in the interior countries. There is evidently a fetter upon our minds even when the body is free; mental weakness, even where there is physical strength, and barrenness even where there appears fertility.\*

\* From a letter addressed to Rev. James Johnson, LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 808

Such is the able and pathetic protest of a highly intelligent native well known as a hard worker for the improvement of his people in the right direction. And as the natives advance in intelligence and culture they will see things more and more as Mr. Johnson sees them; their views on social questions will diverge in important particulars from those of their European teachers. We regret to notice that there has been an outcry, among some who should rejoice, against those marking features and really moral and beneficial results of the contact of the native mind with European culture. The objectors to such deprecatory utterances from intelligent natives seem blind to the embarrassing social problems which must spring up among a distinct race from the new conditions. But it ought to be evident to them that there is no solution to be found in sneering at the aspirations and yearnings of the people and in scorning their “instincts.” If there is danger for the future of west Africa it does not arise from the new aspect which things are assuming, and will more and more assume, among the enlightened natives, but from the insufficiency of the agency employed to cope with the new conditions and to, direct and organize the forces evolved.

The attempt to Europeanize the negro in Africa will always be a resultless task. This is the feeling of the most advanced minds of the race. If it were possible—which, happily, it is not—to civilize and Christianize the whole of Africa according to the notions of some Europeans, neither would the people themselves nor the outside world be any great gainers by it; for the African would then fail of the ability to perform his specific part in the world’s work as a distinct portion of the human race. The warnings of history on this subject are numerous:—

Neither Greek science nor Roman culture (says the Rev. Stopford Brooke) had power to spread beyond itself. . . . The fact was that Rome did not try to civilize in the right way. Instead of drawing forth the native energies of these nations, while it left them free to develop their own national peculiarities in their own way, it imposed upon them from without the Roman education. It tried to turn them into Romans. Where this effort was unsuccessful, the men remained barbarous; where it was successful, the nation lost its distinctive elements in the Roman elements, at least till after some centuries the overwhelming influence of Rome had perished. Mean-

native pastor of Sierra Leone (now of Lagos), to Governor Pope Hennessy, dated December 24, 1872, and published in the *Negro* newspaper, January 1, 1873.

time they were not Britons nor Gauls, but spurious Romans. The natural growth of the people was arrested. Men living out of their native element became stunted and spiritless.\*

The same mistake is being committed in Africa, and, probably, from the same leading cause assigned by Mr. Brooke for the mistake of the Romans, viz.: "The Romans considered the barbarous western nations incapable of culture."

There is a solidarity of humanity which requires the complete development of each part in order to the effective working of the whole. To make the African a parasite upon the European would be no gain to mankind. The problem, it appears to us, which the imagination, the wisdom, and the Christian charity of the missionary world has to solve is how to elevate the African, or enable him to elevate himself, according to the true Christian standard, upon the basis, as Mr. Johnson suggests, of "his own idiosyncrasies." Any progress made otherwise must be unreal, unsatisfactory, precarious, and unpermanent.

If the African is a part of humanity there need be no fear — if his progress be normal — that he will not eventually come into thorough harmony with the laws of humanity, rejecting whatever may be the result of any distortions or eccentricities in his individuality. We are unwilling for one moment to admit the idea that Africans cannot acquire those trusts and convictions and that moral and spiritual development essential to human peace and guidance in this world, and to life everlasting in the world to come, without being cast in the European mould. We believe that Africans can attain to a knowledge of science, receive intellectual culture, acquire skill to develop the resources of their country, and be made "wise unto salvation," without becoming Europeans; for "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

Some of the best European thinkers deprecate any effort to cause the African to part with his special characteristics. A distinguished American writer says: —

When the epoch of the civilization of the negro family arrives, in the lapse of ages, they will display in their native land some very peculiar and interesting traits of character, of which we, a distinct branch of the human family, can at present form no conception. It will be — indeed it must be — a civilization of

a peculiar stamp: perhaps, we venture to conjecture, not so much distinguished by art as a certain beautiful nature, not so marked or adorned by science as exalted and refined by a new and lovely theology — a reflection of the light of heaven more perfect and endearing than that which the intellects of the Caucasian race have ever exhibited. There is more of the child, of unsophisticated nature, in the negro race than in the European.\*

With this corresponds the view of Governor Pope Hennessy as stated in his reply to Mr. Johnson's letter quoted above. He says: —

Fortunately, the injurious influences to which you refer have left almost untouched and uninjured the great mass of your race. It is only along the coast that the degenerating effect is seen. Dr. Livingstone bears testimony to the high intelligence and honorable character of your countrymen, as he has met them in the heart of southern Negroland. Dr. Barth and others have done this for central Nigritia. The many chiefs and messengers who have come to me from the northern valleys of the Niger have been in themselves witnesses of the same fact. In these times, when sceptical and irreverent enquiries have become the fashion in what are called the leading nations of Europe, it is satisfactory to know that your race is distinguished by a childlike capacity for faith. By keeping your race pure, you will preserve that all-important characteristic. As a student of history and a clergyman, you cannot have failed to see that mixed races are in this respect inferior to your own.†

Another drawback — and the last we shall notice at present — to the success of missions on the coast is the pernicious example of European traders and other non-missionary residents. From the time of the discovery of the negro country by the Portuguese to the present, Europe has sent to the coast as traders some of its vilest characters.

They [Europeans] spread themselves [says a leading article in the *Times* of December 21, 1872] over the world, following everywhere the bent of their own nature, doing their own will, following their own gain, too generally being and doing nothing that a heathen will recognize as better than himself. These preach something, and have their own mischievous mission. They preach irreligion and the views that go with it. Their gospel does its work and reaps its fruit.

No stone should be left unturned [says the *Standard*, August 27, 1874] to convince both Mussulman and Brahmin, Caffre and New

\* Alexander Kinmont, quoted by Dr. W. E. Channing in his *Works*, vol. vi.

† Published in the *Negro* newspaper for January 1, 1873.

\* Sermons on Christ in Modern Life, p. 38.

Zealander, Fantee and Ashantee, that Christianity is the religion of the best men whom Europe boasts of, and that the leaders of science and philosophy, of government and society, profess the same faith as is preached to them by the humble missionary.

The settlements along the coast where it has been thought fit to establish and keep up missionary operations are commercial seaports, with all the disadvantages attaching to such localities. The population consists of a heterogeneous crowd—government officials, transient mercantile agents, traders from the interior, and permanent native merchants, all intent upon worldly gains. Mohammedans or pagans coming from the interior, and forming the larger part of the floating population, do not get the most favorable view of Christianity. But such a view as they get they carry back to their country. The intelligent interior natives—with hardly an exception—with whom we have conversed in travels between Sierra Leone and the head waters of the Niger, look upon the religion and books of the white man as not intended to teach men the way to heaven, but how to become rich and great in this world.

It is unfortunate for the English and other European languages that in this part of Africa they have come to the greater portion of the natives associated with profligacy, plunder, and cruelty, and devoid of any connection with spiritual things; while the Arabic is regarded by them as the language of prayer and devotion, of religion and piety, of all that is unworldly and spiritual.

The Church Missionary Society has wisely devoted a great deal of time and money in reducing to writing some of the leading languages of west and central Africa. The indigenous tongues will be far more effective instruments of conveying to the native mind the truths of the gospel than any European language. The Rev. James Johnson—himself an adept in his native tongue, the Aku—in a speech delivered at a recent meeting of the Lagos branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, made the sagacious remark that “as the African Church failed once in north Africa in days gone by, so it will fail again unless we read the Bible in our own native tongue.”\*

We need not mention that one of the most pernicious elements in the demoralization of the coast tribes is ardent spirits. It is a very fortunate circumstance for

Africa that the Mohammedans of the interior present so formidable and impenetrable a barrier to the desolating flood which, but for them, would sweep across the continent. The abstemiousness of Islam is one of its good qualities which we should like Africans to retain whatever may be the future fortunes of that faith on this continent. The negro race in their debilitating climate do not possess the hardihood of the North American Indian or of the New Zealander; and, under the influence of that apparently inseparable concomitant of European civilization, they would, in a much shorter time than it has taken those nations, reach the deplorable distinction of being “civilized off the face of the earth.” And Mr. Galton, by a much easier process than he proposed, would have an opportunity of introducing his “hardy and prolific Chinese” *protégés* to take the place of the “lazy, palavering savages,” who, according to that accomplished traveller, now “cumber the ground” of a whole continent.\*

And we cannot help thinking that it would be a step in advance in the intercourse of European governments with the pagan tribes along the coast if their agents were discouraged in the injudicious practice of giving ardent spirits as presents to the chiefs—a practice inaugurated by Europeans in the days of the slave-trade. The intelligent correspondent of the *Daily News* refers to the practice, as he saw it at Cape Coast in 1873, as follows:—

At the end of the speech [Sir Garnet Wolseley's], it was announced by the interpreter that the “usual present” would be made to the kings. This present consisted of a certain quantity of gin, which, according to immemorial usage, appears on these occasions to have been issued to the chiefs. It would clearly not have been possible to have broken through the rule at that moment; but as meeting after meeting subsequently took place at which the chiefs begged for more gin, one began to doubt the advantages of the system.†

Commodore Wilmot states in an official despatch that during his visit to Dahomey he distributed rum to the people in the way of “dash.”‡

We may remark, in conclusion, that in view of the great work to be done in Africa and the innumerable hindrances, it will be seen that a profound conviction of the exclusive truth of the gospel and

\* The *Times*, June 5, 1873.

† “Ashantee War,” by the *Daily News* special correspondent, p. 52.

‡ British and Foreign State Papers, 1863-1864, p. 325.

\* Reported in the *African Times*, January 1, 1876.

an earnest zeal for the conversion of souls — though necessary and indispensable — are not the only qualifications needed by the missionary. The Christian missionaries in Africa should not only be well trained, highly educated, and large-minded men, but they should be men of imagination, logical power, and philosophic spirit, understanding how to set most effectively to work in clearing away what is really evil, in order to lay a durable foundation and erect a permanent superstructure of good. They should be men who understand that it is useless to pour new wine into old bottles, and who will be content to prepare the soil by the painful and judicious husbandry of years, if not of generations.

The following weighty words of Dean Stanley are suggestive and reassuring for the future of missionary work: —

Above all, it is now beginning to be felt that education is in itself a powerful, almost indispensable engine for the introduction of the gospel. From time to time the truth has been recognized that Christianity depends for its due effect on the condition of those who receive it. It was recognized by Gregory the Great when he warned the hasty missionary who first planted it amongst our Saxon forefathers, that we must move by steps, not leaps. It was recognized by Innocent III. when he warned the first evangelizers of Prussia that they must put new wine into old bottles. It was recognized by the Moravians in their simple phrase that they must teach their converts to count the number *three* before they taught them the doctrine of the Trinity.\*

EDWARD W. BLYDEN.

§ Sermon on the "Prospect of Christian Missions."

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
NENUPHAR: A FANCY.

JUNE.

I AM going to try to call up before you what I consider to be one of the loveliest pictures in that great picture-book that we call the world, and which is always lying open for the eyes of every admiring child of nature to look upon.

A grey, cool summer dawn, lighting up with the hazy, mysterious light peculiar to the dawn the dark shadows that have slept all night among the branches of the trees; dewdrops lying on every leaf, waiting for the sun's touch to convert them into sparkling diamonds; nothing to be heard around but the faint chirp of newly-awakened birds,—over everything else the

soft hush that seems to prevail in the very early morning, as though the whole world were waiting and listening so as to wake up to life and motion at the very first token of the arrival of the day-god.

At the foot of the trees which grow thickly around it, and tower darkly above it, is a large lake — Wykeham Mere. The marsh-marigolds and forget-me-nots on its banks, as also the alders and tall trees above, are reflected in its waters, and all over its broad surface lie the white blossoms of the water-lilies with tight-folded petals, sleeping away the hours of night.

Suddenly over the landscape, springing from one knows not where, comes a little shivering breeze that rustles the tall tree-tops, and even disturbs somewhat the placid waters of the mere, causing the water-lilies to move restlessly to and fro on the baby ripples, and the rushes, that on the one side grow by the water's edge, to shiver and murmur amongst themselves,—a little breeze that is the precursor of morning.

It has scarcely time to give its message, and pass on with it to other lands, ere the clouds on the horizon have cleared away, and through the branches come flickering rays of light that wake the birds to a chorus of praise, and cause the water-lilies to unfold their leaves in anticipation; then a few more minutes of waiting, and the dim grey haze has disappeared: no more dreams of night — no more uncertain fancies of dawn; those are alike over and done with, for the day has come — the working-day of stern facts and realities.

Some hours later on, the path that led through the park from Wykeham Hall to Wykeham Mere was trodden by John Clermont, lord of the manor.

He walked slowly, and leant heavily on his stick, but more through weariness of spirit than infirmity of body; for a tired heart makes tired feet, and Mr. Clermont's heart was indeed sad. Only a year ago he had, after seeking for it over fifty years, found and won for his own the most precious jewel in the world — at least it had seemed so to him; and now he was thinking of how once more he was left quite alone, only all the sadder and drearier for the remembrance of the brief glimpse of sunshine he had had, and of how at home, in the wide nurseries where he had once, not so long ago, hoped to see a proud young mother, holding her child in her arms, there was no one but the week-old motherless babe. So thinking, and pondering over the rights and wrongs of a question, the solving of which is so far

above a weak human mind, he came down to the water's edge, and stood watching the white moony cups floating on its calm surface; but even in their still loveliness his angry, embittered soul could see no beauty. "Senseless things," his thoughts ran on, "you were just as unmoved, and looked at me just as calmly, a year ago when I gazed upon you in my joy, as you do to-day in my sorrow! Cold and white and beautiful, you have not one feeling in common with us! You stand apart in a world of your own, the embodiment of selfishness!"

"There are some flowers," so his fancies rambled on, "one could imagine gifted with a soul, so near and dear do they become to us. Mignonette, or heather even, a scentless blossom, but still there is something that it has about it that is different to—a peony, for instance. But you are of the peony type, I am afraid," he dreamed on, "despite your beauty:" but here the thread of his thoughts was broken, and a sharp cry of utter astonishment broke from his lips, and entirely disturbed his fancies, which had begun to run rather wild, as they were sometimes wont to do; for among the reeds by the water's edge, he had caught a glimpse of what appeared, at first sight, to be a water-lily gifted with motion, but which, on a closer examination, proved to be a baby.

It was laid in the rushes as if a cradle, safely out of the reach of the water, although the hem of its long robe was damp by reason of its having come in contact with the wet leaves around.

The child was fast asleep, but at John Clermont's touch it opened its large blue eyes and gazed up at him. With many a cry of astonishment and surprise, he lifted it up in his arms out of its unsafe bed, where certainly in its white dress, and with its little close-fitting cap tied under its chin, it did present rather an unearthly appearance.

"I will take thee home, little one," said John, his own grief and bitterness of soul for the minute forgotten, in contemplation of the helpless infant in his arms: "for the present, at least, thou shalt remain with us; and if in the future no one comes to claim thee, why, thou canst still stay on, and be a companion for little, lonely Heather."

There was much excitement in the nursery at Wykeham at the appearance and romantic history of this new water-baby, and much discussion as to its parentage; for although Mr. Clermont inquired everywhere, and the nurses made no secret

as to how and where it had been found, no one ever came forward to put in a claim for it.

It was a lady's child, Nurse Bell, who had been engaged to look after it, declared, because of the delicate laces and embroideries wherewith its things were trimmed; which supposition Nurse Betty, Miss Clermont's attendant, of course thought it her duty to contradict. And as the days went on, and still no anxious father or mother raised an inquiry for the babe, it really seemed at times to Mr. Clermont, whilst gazing on the sleeping infant's placid countenance, that it was not altogether impossible for it to have sprung from the same root as its namesakes floating on the waters of the lake; for, as a sort of link with the past, and as a remembrance of how the foundling had come among them, he had given to the child the name of Nenuphar.

Little Heather screamed and cried when, on the christening day, the sacred drops fell upon her forehead, but Nenuphar only opened her wide, blue eyes, and smiled a sweet, baby smile, as if she liked to feel the water; and Mr. Clermont watching her in the distance, smiled too, for it seemed to him a realization of his quaint conceits and fancies that day he had found her down by the water's side: and from that day forth he took more interest in her than ever, for it diverted his mind from his own sorrow, and he looked forward with something almost approaching excitement to the time when she should be grown up, so that he might see what kind of a woman she would develop into.

And thus it was that Nenuphar gained a name and a home.

A stray sunbeam flickering through the branches of some forest oak may touch and warm some dark spot that the sun's rays rarely if ever reach,—a stray rain-drop caught on its downward course by a green leaf, may fall from thence on to some corner of the earth hitherto barren and unprofitable, and by its cool, reviving touch give life to a seed there concealed, which, springing up as the years pass on, may grow to be a stately tree giving shelter and protection to those who need it; but then, again, the seed having developed, it may prove to be the poisonous nightshade breathing death on those around; but surely for this neither the sunbeam nor the dewdrop can be blamed. They did the good deed — they gave the life for good or for evil; and if the seed be poisonous, the fault does not lie with them.



Which all is a preface to saying that John Clermont watching Nenuphar grow up, sometimes wondered whether all the world, or at least the world that came under her influence, would not have been happier and better if the waters of Wykeham Mere had closed over her head when she lay a sleeping babe upon its bosom.

She was growing up to girlhood fast now; but in all the years that had come and gone, no one had ever arisen to lay claim to her, no one had appeared who either in love or in law wished to take her away from the home that had been given to her; and Mr. Clermont wondered often, as he watched her lazy, languid movements, who and what her mother had been; a lady he generally decided, as Nurse Bell had done before him,—or else, he would add, smiling to himself, a water-lily! As long as the children were in the nursery Nenuphar remained the favorite; for what nurse can withstand a child who rarely if ever cries—a child who will lie in its bed and gaze calmly and contentedly at the ceiling for as long as the maid requires for conversing with the young man from the baker's? A child of that description is well worth its weight in gold. So what wonder that Nenuphar was often held up as a model to naughty, passionate little Heather, who could not bear to be kept waiting a minute for anything, and would scream and cry, and stamp her tiny feet, if not attended to on the moment?

Then her father would come up, attracted from his study by the shrieks of his motherless lassie, and Betty would be reproved, and the child coaxed back into goodness. And Mr. Clermont would go away, thinking he had done all that was required of him, and wondering if the children were so troublesome now, what they would be when they grew older.

"After all it is only Heather," he would think as he shut the study-door again; "no one could wish for a better child than Nenuphar. It will be an interesting study to watch as they grow up and their characters develop, the effect they will have the one upon the other. It will give quite an interest to my life, that has become of late so sadly devoid of interest." So he thought, almost forgetting that human souls have to be guided into right paths, trained and pruned by a gardener's hand, not left to run wild for the sake of astonishing that gardener by the flowers and fruits they will produce when left alone.

As the children grew older, Nenuphar still continued the favorite with every one,

as she had been when a baby with her nurse. And yet she did not do very much to earn that position, and was perhaps not so really worthy of it as naughty, wilful, little Heather, who was all tears and despair one moment, and was lifted up into the most wild joy the next.

But Heather was troublesome; always more or less in mischief, and did not care for learning—and beyond a sweet voice, was possessed of no accomplishments likely to do credit to her instructors; so it was not altogether wonderful that her good qualities were rather inclined to be overlooked. Whereas with Nenuphar it was different: not that she was clever—and her accomplishments fell short even of Heather's, for she could not sing; but then she had learned one great art of popularity—she agreed so quietly with everything proposed; afterwards, perhaps, she as quietly slipped out of it—for she was essentially lazy, and disliked work quite as much as Heather did, though for different reasons. But she certainly managed better.

No one ever heard her voice raised in dispute, or saw her smooth forehead disfigured with frowns; she had learned while yet very young that it was so much easier, so much less trouble, to say "yes" than to say "no."

"No" involved explanations and arguments, and noise and confusion,—all the things, in fact, she most disliked; whereas "yes" stopped people talking for the time being; and afterwards—well, afterwards the best thing was to wait and see what would happen.

Wait; yes, that was always the great thing with her. She was never in a hurry about anything; any other hour was just as good as the present: hence her popularity with those about her; for the impatience of a child is often trying to the wider understanding and deeper knowledge of those about it.

"I believe," said Heather as she stood watching from the window one day a steady downpour that had set in just as the two girls were dressed and ready for a long-promised expedition—"I believe, Nenuphar, we shall not be able to go, after all. Oh, what shall we do?"

"Wait," replied Nenuphar, calmly, looking up from the arm-chair in which she was awaiting the result of the storm. "It does not really matter; for if it rains very hard to-day, it is almost sure to be fine to-morrow."

Very philosophical, of course, but scarcely natural in a girl of thirteen; and

Heather, who had her feelings less under control, turned away with tearful eyes to the nursery, there to be told not to be so silly, but to look at Miss Nenuphar, and see how much more sensible she was.

As the years passed by, and girlhood gave place to early womanhood, the intense stillness — I know not what else to call it — of Nenuphar's character became less noticeable than when she was a child. She and Heather were always great friends, as indeed was only natural; for they were sisters in all but name, being bound together by the ties of one mutual home and one father's care — for John Clermont made no difference whatever in his treatment of the two girls.

Mr. Clermont was very fond of society, and he very often had friends staying in the house — men friends, that is to say. As to ladies, he had reverted to his old feelings towards the sex, — feelings that had held good up to the time of his marriage, which event had not occurred until he was nearly fifty, before which time he had never been known to speak willingly to a woman, and to that most unchivalric state he had returned after his wife's death; so, having procured an elderly lady to act as chaperon to the girls, he felt he had quite done his duty as far as woman-kind was concerned, and might now go his own way and amuse himself.

But there were always plenty of men, and with them, as with every one else, Nenuphar was the favorite, and Heather merely a very ordinary girl, not remarkable in any way — rather bad-tempered too — but still forming an admirable contrast to the wonderful beauty of Nenuphar. All the admiration, all the love, fell to her share, and it was the more curious, as it seemed impossible for her to return any one's tenderness. She smiled graciously on all alike, and was always willing to receive any amount of admiration, but that was all; yet, strange to say, it seemed utterly impossible for any man to care for, or even think of, any other woman while she was present, though wherein lay her exact fascination it would have been difficult to say, beyond mere beauty. Perhaps it was the sense of rest and quiet that was always about her, setting her apart, as it were, from every one else in a world of her own, a world from which all toil and care had been carefully excluded.

Although in that way the girls saw a good many strangers, they had rarely, if ever, gone beyond the precincts of their own home. The world outside the grounds of Wykeham Manor had always

been denied them, Mr. Clermont being of opinion that girls could not go too little abroad; therefore it was not altogether strange that they had entered into their nineteenth year before they saw Sebastian Long.

Sebastian Long was the greatest land-owner in the neighborhood, and "eccentric" was the mildest word used when speaking of him; indeed there were found some to hint cautiously and with bated breath of madness, although the only symptom evinced was that he had shut up the great house that his forefathers had bequeathed to him, and had spent a roving life in foreign lands, in preference to staying quietly and decorously at home.

But there was, as there generally is, another side to the question. The said house was large, and somewhat gloomy and lonely for a man who had neither wife nor mother to keep him company in it; so it was not perhaps altogether so wonderful his preferring to spend his time amongst his mother's Spanish relations, who made for him the nearest approach to a home he had ever known.

And now as to how and where he and his neighbors first met. It was the evening of a lovely summer's day, just such a one as that early dawn on which Nenuphar first made her appearance might have grown into later on, when the mists and the dew had alike passed away, giving place to something brighter and more glorious. But, as on that other occasion, the work of the day was not begun, so on this it was over and done with, and the two girls were out on the terrace that surrounded the house, Nenuphar lazily reclining on the marble steps reading, and Heather some few yards distant from her feeding the peacocks. It was a brilliant picture enough, for the sun was near setting, and its declining rays dyed scarlet everything they touched. They tinged even Nenuphar's white cheeks with some of their own warmth and color, and caused the soft yellow curls that lay upon her forehead to brighten, until they shone like molten gold.

It was just what she wanted to give perfection to her beauty, which was otherwise too cold and colorless, though there were not often people to be found who thought so.

"How full the world is of sunshine!" exclaimed Heather, as she watched the evening glow intensifying the colors of the gorgeous birds before her, and the rich tints spreading over the landscape. "How full the world is of sunshine!"

Nenuphar did not reply to her companion's rhapsodies, being too much interested in her book; besides, she was not much given to rhapsodize over anything.

After Heather's remark the silence remained unbroken, until suddenly on to the path was thrown a long black shadow, which lay still and motionless between the two girls — the shadow of Sebastian Long.

Heather was thinking too much of her peacocks and Nenuphar of her book to give it a thought, and his footsteps had been so silent over the smooth turf that led up to the gravelled walk, that they had never heard his approach; but presently he moved a little, upon which the shadow wavered for a second, and then fell right across Nenuphar, enveloping her in entire darkness.

At this sudden eclipse Nenuphar raised her head, and saw, standing before her, a man with soft southern eyes, and dark foreign-looking moustache, and small pointed beard.

"Heather," she said; and at her voice the stranger turned towards the girl addressed, and raising his hat, said, "I beg your pardon for taking you by surprise in this way, but I have come to see your father, and I took the short cut through the gardens instinctively; it is so long since I have been at home that I quite forgot it might be a liberty."

"Then you are Mr. Long," exclaimed Heather, impulsively, holding out her hand; "how glad I am to see you! Oh, I hope you have come home for good!"

"Yes, I have come home," he replied; "but for good or for evil, who can say?" he added in a lower tone, as if to himself.

"Let me show you the way to my father's study," said Heather; "but first I must introduce you to my adopted sister — Nenuphar — Mr. Long."

Nenuphar bowed, and then the other two turned away towards the house, chattering merrily as they went.

When, a couple of hours afterwards, greetings and explanations and welcomes over, Sebastian once more emerged from the house, he was a little startled to find Nenuphar still seated on the marble steps. She was no longer reading, although even that might have been possible, so brilliant was the starlight, and the moon, which had just risen, was shedding such a soft, quiet light over the scene he had last seen illuminated with the glow of sunset. She was sitting on one of the lower steps, her head resting against the urn filled with geraniums that stood behind her, and gazing up into the bright heavens above

with such intense earnestness that she might have been trying to read her fate therein.

"Are you not cold out here?" asked Mr. Long, for want of something better to say, when he reached her side, as she still did not move.

"Cold? — no," she replied, sitting up and turning towards him. "Why, it would be a shame to go in on such a lovely night. Oh, if only this sort of weather would but last all the year round!"

"There, Miss —" and he paused.

"Nenuphar," she said, quietly.

"Miss Nenuphar," he repeated, "I do not agree with you. Summer is all very well in its way, but it is nothing without winter to back it up. It is pleasant, of course, but enervating, and that is the reason why, with all its faults, I prefer this country to the ones I have been living in lately."

"But think of the snow and the cold and the storms that we know are coming, and then, looking up at that sky above us, and feeling the warm, sweet air that blows around us, can you not find it in your heart to agree with me when I say that I would sacrifice one-half of my life if the other half could all be spent in some sheltered sunshiny spot, far away from this existence of mingled heat and cold? Ah," and she gave a little faint shiver, "the very thought of winter makes me miserable!"

"I am afraid we should never agree on that subject, for I love a storm. I think it is a grand though fearful sight to see tall trees that have had a firm foundation in the earth for ages, fall before that giant power which is not even visible. Yes," he went on, warming with his subject, and for the moment almost forgetting his white, lovely listener, "I love to stand and watch such a storm: to hear the wind screaming through the branches, and to see the wild waves rising up madly in their wrath, and yet to feel that I, a weak man, can stand firm amongst the ruin around. It is at such times one realizes most that all about us there is a Power greater than ourselves, greater than the storm; then it is one understands most clearly what it is to be held in the hollow of his hand."

"I cannot understand you," Nenuphar made answer; "it is so incomprehensible to me how any one can like noise and confusion."

"Is it?" he replied, still somewhat excitedly. "Cannot you understand the pleasure of fighting against *anything*, even

though it is only a storm of wind? Why, the very struggle itself gives fresh life!"

But the girl only shook her head incredulously.

"It is different, I suppose, with you," she said; "you are a man, and I — am only Nenuphar!"

He made no answer to her strange words, but suddenly remembering he was on his way home, said "Good night," and left her.

She did not reply to his parting salutation — did not even seem to notice his departure. When he had gone some few steps, he turned back for one farewell glance. She was still seated as he had left her, looking upwards, and in the weird, chill moonlight she looked very white and ghostly. And was it fancy, he wondered, but as he looked it seemed to him that the border of her white dress waved softly to and fro; yet there certainly was no breeze to stir it.

With a smile at his fancies, he continued his walk towards his own lonely home. When he had arrived there, and was seated in the empty hall, he indulged in a waking dream — an amusement he was rather given to; but when he shut his eyes, so as to give greater scope to his imagination, the vision he conjured up was not that of a woman with soft golden hair and wide blue eyes, which seemed always looking beyond the things around them, but that of a slim, graceful maiden, with rough brown locks and honest sweet eyes; and the last words he seemed to hear before he really passed through the ivory gates, were the echo of those which had reached his ears not so very long ago, — "I am so glad you have come back; I do hope that now you are going to stay," while a small hand was placed in his.

Some time after Mr. Long's departure, Heather was awakened by a sound in her room, and on looking up she discovered Nenuphar seated by the open window, bathed from head to foot in a broad sheet of moonlight. She looked very white and lovely as she sat thus gazing out — the moon's beams just turning her golden hair and white dress to silver; but, nevertheless, there was something in her calm, motionless attitude which sent a little shiver, almost of terror, to Heather's heart. But then it is enough to terrify any one to be awakened suddenly out of a first sleep.

"Nenuphar, what are you doing?" she questioned, after a second spent in watching her.

"Doing!" repeated Nenuphar; "I am doing nothing — only wondering how you can spend such a glorious night in bed. I came in here because the moon does not shine into my room, and you know how fond I am of moonlight. I think I was very nearly asleep when you spoke."

"Have you been there long?"

"No, not very long. I stayed out of doors until I feared that I should have been shut out altogether; then I came here; and ever since, till I began to get sleepy, I have been thinking and dreaming over — love. I knew you would laugh."

"No; I am only laughing at the serious way you said it. But you should be careful, Nenuphar, for you know that they say moonlight causes madness."

"Another name for the same thing, perhaps. But what I was thinking of was, what is love? Heather," she said, rising, and speaking almost excitedly, at least for her, "what is it? Why is it that I cannot care for any one?"

"I do not understand you. You have never, perhaps, cared very much for any one as yet, because the right person has not come; but that is, after all, only one kind of love. You love us, do you not? I hope so; and that, of course, is the same kind of thing — at least it seems so to me."

"But do I love you?" questioned the other.

"Oh, Nenuphar! how can you grieve me by speaking like that?" and Heather got out of bed, and crept to her friend's side.

"Tell me," said Nenuphar, "what it feels like, this love that every one talks of. You say *you* care for me, do you not? Well, supposing some morning you came into my room and found me lying there dead, what difference would it make in your life?"

"Oh, do not even suppose such an awful thing!" and there was a sob in the girl's voice as she spoke. "What should I do?" cried tender, impulsive Heather. "I should die too!"

She, not yet having learnt to understand that death is the great reward bestowed on those who have fought and struggled; not like the Lethe of old, a river in which we can bathe and forget our pain, but the opening of the gates that have shut us out so long from the sight of our beloved ones, — the entrance to the eternal rest after the pain has been suffered and conquered.

"Do you remember," said Nenuphar after a pause, "young Mr. Vivian?"

"Yes, certainly I do."

"Well, that was exactly what *he* said, when I told him I did not care for him. That it would kill him! But he is still alive; so you see, Heather, you are not right. As I said before, I cannot understand it."

"I think Mr. Vivian was right, all the same, Nenuphar," said Heather, softly; "for though he is, as you say, alive—and of course his saying it would kill him was nonsense—still I do not think he has ever been quite the same man since. He loves you, you see; and therefore, as you do not love him, the world must seem darker to him than it did. Cannot you see the *loneliness* of it, Nenuphar?"

But Nenuphar did not answer; her thoughts seemed to have wandered far away. After a time, however, they returned to Heather and the subject in hand. "You ask me if I do not see the loneliness, and pity it, I suppose you mean? No, I cannot say that I do; I am lonely, but I do not pity myself."

"Ah, Nenuphar! how can you say that? Are you not happy? You have nearly all my love, surely I have some of yours?"

"But you forget—I cannot love; and that brings us back to the beginning of the argument, back all the way to where my thoughts were before you woke up. What is it that I do not possess? What is it that makes me so different to every one else? For I am different, Heather, as even you, with your eyes, blinded as they are by affection, must acknowledge."

"You are only different," said Heather, putting her arm around her, "in that you are a thousand times more lovely than any one I ever saw. And that being the case," she concluded somewhat timidly, "you should not be too kind, until you have found some one really worthy of your love, and then you will find out quickly enough the meaning of the word."

"Do you really think so?" said Nenuphar dreamily, leaning her white arms on the sill, and looking down into the garden.

"Yes, of course. They say that every one loves once."

"I should like to think so," replied her companion in a softer voice than that in which she had yet spoken. "But, come, it is quite time you were asleep again, Heather; so I must shut the window, for I see you can hardly keep your eyes open! Good night, dear." She stooped as she spoke, and just touched Heather's forehead with her lips; then, without another word, she glided away, still bathed in moonlight, to the door which led to her own room, leaving Heather to find her

way back to bed, there to dream dreams of the strange conversation she had held with her midnight visitor.

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From The Saturday Review.  
INTERJECTIONS.

THERE are two opposite views of the purposes of language by which the virtue and dignity of the interjection must stand or fall. It is the only part of speech that in any sense can be called a superfluity. Life could go on, men could say what they have to say, if they once got in the way of it, and they could write, without it; which is more than can reasonably be said of any other part of speech. In this sense, then, captious grammarians may, if they like, term it a superfluity. But people who so term it have not been content to treat it as a luxury of voice and tongue, but give it very hard names indeed. "The British inarticulate interjection," said Horne Tooke, has nothing to do with speech, and is only the miserable refuge of the speechless. Without the artful contrivance of language, mankind would have nothing but interjections with which to communicate orally any of their feelings. The neighing of a horse, the lowing of a cow, the barking of a dog, the purring of a cat, sneezing, coughing, groaning, shrieking, and every other involuntary convulsion with oral sound, have almost as good a title to be called parts of speech as interjections." And, in accordance with this view, it has been said in grave treatises that, while there are occasions when even reasonable man is driven to the brute resource of the *viva voce* interjection—the Ah! and Oh!—in books it is invariably a base inutility and mere impertinence, as being always insufficient for the purpose of communicating thought. Real interjections, it is or was argued, are few in number—and this we agree to—and are never employed to convey truth of any kind. They are "not to be found amongst laws, in books of civil institutions, in history, or in any treatise of useful arts and sciences," while in novels, poetry, and plays they have generally an "effect which is ridiculous and disgusting."

Certainly the information, if any, conveyed by the interjection is indirect; it contributes, little to what De Quincey distinguishes as the literature of knowledge, in opposition to the literature of power, the two being capable of a severe "insulation and naturally fitted for reciprocal



repulsion." The function of the first is to *teach*; the function of the second is to *move*. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second possibly to the higher understanding, but always through the affections of pleasure and sympathy. What do you learn from "Paradise Lost"? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new. All the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you on the same plane; the very first step in power is a flight. The defence of the interjection must then, take high ground; though this must be granted to objectors, that in poor hands or feeble lips it is a mere miserable trick of speech, and persons who invariably begin their speech with an *Oh!* (a habit we have known) do possibly thereby betray a kinship with the lower creation. But in their case it only makes more manifest a flagrant and existing emptiness and fatuity, and therefore cannot be called inexpressive. But any one who has heard the interjection in its ideal utterance will not deny to it the quality of power, of being the most condensed of all language. So George Eliot defines it, when certain deeds are described as "little more than interjections which give vent to the long passion of a life." The interjection, as being in a sense inarticulate, as needing an interpreter in the hearer, as suggestive to him of some vague want in himself, has in it the effect of instrumental music, which tells its tale without words and beyond words. There is a chord in the human soul that specially responds to this utterance. We are always wanting something in the nature of the unattainable. The function of the interjection is to express this longing. It is the sigh of humanity for what it cannot have or hope for; for what it has lost; for what it did not value till it had lost it. This *Oh!* not only demands sympathy, but is sympathetic in its turn. "*Ah!* sad and strange." "*Oh!* death in life" — the reader murmurs these words in self-pity, apart, as one may say, from the meaning of the context. And it is an appeal for sympathy which is humanizing, and compels the utterer to smooth his numbers. When is Mr. Browning more condescending to our prejudice in favor of tuneful verse than in that stanza beginning, —

*Oh!* to be in England  
Now that April's there!

Strictly speaking, there are but few interjections, for we cannot class in the number *Behold!* *Well done!* *Hark!* *Hail!*

*Farewell!* *Off!* *Avant!* or any similar exclamations that can be lengthened into sentences. The interjection proper is an apostrophe, condensed into a syllable; a momentary digression, a blind appeal to the universe. When we say *Behold!* we address the eyes; when we say *Hark!* we address the ears of an audience or of a companion; the audience of a genuine interjection is impersonal: —

But *O!* for the touch of a vanished hand —  
*O!* insupportable. *O!* heavy hour.  
*Oh!* for a lodge in some vast wilderness!  
*O!* what a weight is in these shades!

The interjection is the natural opening formula when speech would communicate with nature — not only with nature herself, but all her works, animate and inanimate, which can only be addressed through the feeling they awake in the poet: "*O* nightingale!" "*O* cuckoo!" "*O* pious bird!" "*O* thievish night!" "*O* southern wind!" "*O* enviable early day!"

And *O* ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves!

But poetry is made up of such examples. It is observable that only humanity uses the interjection. Birds and beasts in fable dispense with it; the gay creatures of the elements, the airy tongues that syllable men's names, have no use for it; and if the poet ever allows one to slip into the language of fairy or non-natural creations, it clearly is a slip. Witness the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" throughout. Ariel, who makes some piteous appeals for liberty to Prospero, where certainly *Ah!* or *Alas!* would issue from mortal lips, utters not one. Titania does say "*O*" under infatuation; but her nature was demoralized by the noxious flower-juice. Pope's Ariel, through a long speech, keeps clear of such cries; but all at once in his summing up turns mortal, and moralizes with "*Oh, blind to truth!*" "*Oh pious maid!*" "*I saw, alas!*" Fairies, mermaids, nymphs know distinctly what they want, have no dim longings, no aspirations. The interjection would really be a superfluity in their grammar.

As eloquent people are most apt to feel their language come short of their needs, as still

there hover in these restless heads  
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the  
best,  
Which into words no virtue can digest;

they find great need of and use for the interjection. In their hands it is the pas-

sionate, the ineffable ; it adds range, carries the hearer away into ultimate possibilities, opens out new views, gives point and meaning to all that has gone before. Observe how it enhances all assertions and all states of feeling : — "O ho, monster ; we know what belongs to a frippery ;" "Oh ! so white, oh ! so soft, oh ! so sweet is she ;" "Oh ! for a draught of vintage ;" "Ah me ! for all that ever I could read," etc. ; "But you, O you, so perfect and so peerless." And to go to "Othello," the very repertory and stronghold of the interjection : "The pity of it, Iago, O Iago ! the pity of it ;" "Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice ;" "Ha ! no more moving." All must recall Jeanie Deans's "Alack, alack !" at the supreme moment in her sister's trial, which Shakespeare also makes the resource of simplicity under new and thrilling experiences. And how much does the sentiment of Miranda owe to her simple, most natural resort to interjections in strong, untried emotions. "Alack !" "O woe the day !" "Alas now ! pray you work not so hard." Again, he recognizes their virtue and pathetic force in making "Alas !" Perdita's sole utterance on hearing the story of her mother's wrongs, "till from one sigh of dolor to another, she did with an *Alas !* I would fain say bleed tears ; for I am sure my heart wept blood." When language falls short of the vast demand upon it, then does the poet condense all into an inarticulate sigh and musical groan.

But the simplicity need not go very deep, nor need the sadness be more than feigned, that illustrates the merits of this resource. Pascal in his own person is the last to need it ; but, representing the simple, artless inquirer, he calls in its aid with great effect. Having asked the names of those Jesuit fathers who superseded St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom in questions of morals, he is answered by a list of some fifty reigning casuists with Dutch outlandish names, ten times harsher than Colkitto or Gelasp : "*O mon père ! lui dis-je tout effrayé, tous ces gens-là étoient-ils Chrétiens ?*" We see great virtue in this "O ;" as also in the "Ah's" Pope bestowed upon his detractors : —

And monumental brass this record bears,  
These are — ah ! no ! these were — the Gazetteers.

Again : —

Ah ! Dennis ; Gilden, ah ! what ill-starred rage  
Divides a friendship long confirmed by age ?  
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,  
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

Age — the passage of time — is a great provoker of interjection : —

When I was young, ah ! woeful when !  
sighs Coleridge. And again : —

Ere I was old, ah ! woful ere !

And Pope, making one of his enemies ruminate on the same theme : —

And am I now threescore ?

Ah ! why ye gods should two and two make four ?

Contempt and disgust, too, have their examples. Shall we find one in Mr. Browning's "G r r r," which opens and closes his "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister," or in the "Hy, Zy, Hine, and He, he !" all certainly bearing out the epithet we have been disputing ? His "Whew !" is a more familiar safety-valve. "Forsooth !" suggests itself to some tempers on irritating occasions. "Oho !" is exasperating self-felicitation on discovering a carefully guarded secret. Prose and verse alike illustrate the supreme provocative power of the interjection, its adaptation to the purposes of insult. There is a "*Hai*" in Molière's "*Femmes Savantes*" which lives in the memory. Belise, that anomaly in French society, an old maid, has the mania of thinking all men in love with her ; and one Clitandre having proposed for her niece, she gives her brother to understand that the niece is but a pretext to hide *d'autres feux*. "But who, then," asks he, "is this concealed object of love ?" "*Moi*," replies Belise. "*Vous ?*" exclaims Ariste. "*Moi-même*," is still the reply. "*Hai ! ma sœur*," "*Qu'est-ce donc que veut dire ce hai ?*" sharply responds the lady, who proceeds to justify the triumphs of her charms by a long list of other victims.

That cannot be called useless which cannot be done without, and in truth the interjection has got hold of every temper and all natures, and lends itself to every need ; whether to fill up gaps of thought, or to open communication in slow minds, or to furnish vents to hasty ones. The patient Molly, we are told, always said "Lawks !" when she was expected ; the same ejaculation has come to nature's relief on occasions most unexpected. "Lawk-daisy ! if she is not kneeling on the bare Boards," cried an old woman, in an extremity of housewifely distress, who, helpless on her death-bed, saw one of the quality kneel without a cushion. We should be particular in our habitual choice of this aid to force of expression, or we may

all find ourselves betrayed into like solecisms. The social and domestic interjection, the habitual "Oh dear!" and "Well!" or the like, has its exits and its entrances into human converse. We must suppose that "Gramercy!" was once a power in speech; it has given way to "Goodness!" and "Gracious!" and other hints at invocation. "Heavens!" and Archdeacon Grant's "Good heaven!" which Mr. Trollope makes a characteristic, are luckily out of vogue, nor do they come into the catalogue of interjections adapted to the higher uses of eloquence and poetry, which, indeed, if so used, would make very stilted domestic talk. As enliveners of ordinary intercourse, as the natural method by which to set the tongue going, the social interjection is a great portrayer of character. It will be found of many a lost friend that his exclamations and interjections occur to us first when we would recall his voice, his greetings, and the genial influence of his presence.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### SECRET SOCIETIES IN CHINA.

SECRET societies have been very active of late in China. From all parts of the empire rumors are rife about the doings of the Hung Brethren, the members of the Society of the Queen of Heaven, the followers of the White Lily sect, and of a host of other leagues. At towns on the Yang-tsze-Keang the members of some restless brotherhood have been creating quite a panic by cutting off the queues of unsuspecting citizens; and in the province of Keang-soo the Roman Catholic missionaries report the appearance of a secret sect in the rites of which they consider that there are to be traced remnants of a debased Christianity. Of these last-named people, who describe themselves as "Fasters," little is known beyond the information supplied by one of their members to Père Rizzi on the subject of the rites attending the "Feast of Tapers." On that occasion ten tables are placed so as to represent the human form, and around them are arranged twenty-five tapers of an aggregate weight of a thousand ounces. The president and twenty-four "Fasters," each bearing a cross tipped with wax, then take their places at the tables, and, having struck a light with a steel and flint, the president lights the extremities of his own cross, and with that lights the twenty-five tapers and the crosses of the brethren.

That done, rice cakes, rice, and tea, which have been previously prepared, are blessed by the president with the sign of the cross, and are then divided among the associates. According to Père Rizzi, the founder of the "Fasters" was Tamo. "Must not this be St. Thomas?" adds the missionary. But the probability is that the sect is not of any foreign origin, and that it, as well as most other political societies throughout the empire, is only a branch of the Hung League. In the same way the quasi-Christian rites which are said to be used might very readily be remnants of the religious ceremonies practised at Nanking by Hung Sew-tseuen, the leader of the Tai-ping rebels, who was a prominent leader of the league, and who professed Christianity.

The members of the Hung League, like the Freemasons, contend that their society has existed through all time, but history throws no light on any earlier formation of their body than towards the close of the Han dynasty (A.D. 185), when the three patriots, Lew Pei, Chang Fei, and Kwan Yu, having associated themselves together by a solemn oath, successfully defended the throne against the "Yellow-cap" rebels. From that time until the establishment of the present Tartar dynasty the league showed few signs of vitality. But at the beginning of the eighteenth century the empire was seriously threatened by an invasion of the Eleuths; and, like the three worthies who supported the Han ruler, a hundred and twenty-eight priests of the Shaoulin Monastery, deeming themselves to be "sufficiently versed in the military art and magics to destroy the Eleuthian soldiers," took the field against the invaders. By the order of their prior they separately attacked the Eleuths on all sides; and when the battle was at its height so furious a storm of wind and sand arose in answer to their prayer that the air was darkened, and the Eleuths, terrified at this display of supernatural power, turned and ran, crushing and maiming each other in their headlong flight. Having thus satisfied their patriotic desire, the monks, loaded with honors, returned to their monastery.

But their success raised a number of enemies against them, and shortly afterwards their monastery was attacked and burned, and five monks only escaped with their lives. After various vicissitudes, these survivors found themselves on the banks of a stream in the neighborhood of Kaou-ke; and as one of their number went down to drink he found a white por-

celain jar, on the bottom of which was inscribed the sentence, "Overthrow the Tsings (the present Tartar dynasty) and restore the Mings" (the dispossessed Chinese dynasty). This was accepted by the monks as a command from heaven; and, having added to their number five horse-dealers, a dismissed minister, and a priest, they bound themselves by a solemn oath, which they ratified by mixing blood from the arm of each in a chalice of wine and drinking it in common, to do all which in them lay to overthrow the house of Tsing. They all adopted the surname of Hung, and took "Patriotism" as their watchword. This done, they betook themselves to different parts of the empire to enlist recruits; and, in order to avoid the appearance of belonging to one and the same society, they gave different titles to the branches which they established. Thus there were soon spread over the empire brotherhoods known as the "Triad Society," the "White Lily League," the "Blue Lotus Hall," the "Golden Orchid District," and others, all of which, however, constituted the great Hung League. It was not long before the society thus formed attracted the attention of the government, and sternly repressive measures were applied to it, which were also shared in by the Roman Catholics, whose organization was considered by the mandarins to resemble that of the Hungs. Yielding to the storm, the league abstained from all public manifestation, and little was heard of it until the crackbrained leader of the Tai-ping rebellion brought its machinery to bear to further his insurrectionary movement. With his defeat and death it again subsided into obscurity, and it has only been quite of late that renewed activity has been observable in the ranks of the brethren.

A short time since M. Schlegel, Chinese interpreter to the government of Netherlands-India at Batavia, became possessed of some documents relating to the formation and the organization of the league. These he translated and published in a volume entitled "Thian ti Hwiu—The Hung League," and it is from this and other works that the above and following particulars are gathered. The Hung lodges are built in a square, and are surrounded by walls which are pierced at the four cardinal points by as many gates. The faces of the walls are adorned by the mysterious symbol of "union," the triangle, and with the old symbol for "a State," a hollow square—a combination which is intended to imply that the league is a

united State enjoying universal peace. Within the enclosure is the "hall of fidelity and loyalty," where the oaths of membership are taken, and in which is kept the genealogical table of the founders of the league. Here, also, stand the altar and the sacred tablets, before which the brethren worship, and from the centre rises the "precious nine-storied pagoda," in which the images of the five founders are enshrined. Of course the lodges appear in their legitimate splendor only in out-of-the-way districts, where they are safe from the observation of the mandarins; but in towns and populous neighborhoods the lodge is dispensed with altogether, and the meetings are held at the house of the president. The instruments of the lodge are numerous. First in importance is the diploma, consisting of a large square seal, having two square margins, while the inner margins are octagonal. In the outer rim are the names of the eight genii, and the rest of the seal is covered with symbolical stanzas and signs. The official flags are numerous and emblemize the warlike character of the league; and in each lodge is a "bushel," which contains among other articles the "red staff" with which justice is done to offenders against the laws of the society, the scissors with which the hair of the neophytes is cut off, a jade foot-measure, a balance, an abacus, an inkstone, a pencil, and a host of flags and other symbols.

The supreme government of the league is vested in the grand masters of the five principal lodges in the provinces of Fuh-keen, Kwang-tung, Yun-nan, Hoo-nan, and Che-keang; and the affairs of each lodge are administered by a president, two vice-presidents, one master, two introducers, one fiscal, thirteen councillors, several agents, who are otherwise known as "grass shoes," "iron planks," or "night brethren," and some minor officials, who, as indicative of their rank, wear flowers in their hair.

In peaceful times the ranks of the society are recruited by volunteers, but when the league is preparing to take the field threats and violence are often used to secure members. At such crises a man returning home finds a slip of paper bearing the seal of the league awaiting him, which calls upon him at a given hour to betake himself to a certain spot, and warns him that the murder of himself and his family will be the penalty of disobedience to the command. Sometimes it is said, also, that one of the brotherhood insults a stranger on the road, and, pretending to

fly from the just consequences of his act, leads the unsuspecting wayfarer to some lonely spot where he is seized upon by a number of brothers and is carried away to the place where the lodge is held. On the appointed evening the recruits present themselves at the "city of willows," as the lodges are called, where they are met by the "vanguard," who carefully enters their names and places of residence in a book kept for the purpose. The vanguard then gives orders to form the "bridge of swords," whereupon the brethren place themselves in a double row, and drawing their swords cross them in the air in the form of a bridge or arch. Under this arch the new members are led, and at the same time are mulcted of an entrance-fee of twenty-one cash. After this they are taken to the Hung-gate, where stand two generals, who introduce the "new horses" to the hall of fidelity and loyalty. Here the neophytes are instructed in the objects of the society; and, finally, they are conducted into the presence of the assembled council in the "lodge of universal peace." As a preliminary to the administration of the oaths, the master examines the vanguard in the three hundred and thirty-three questions of the catechism of the society, and then orders him to bring forward those neophytes who are willing to take the oath, and to cut off the heads of those who refuse to do so. As the vanguard is supposed not to bear the sword in vain, few decline to take the oath, and the ceremony of affiliation is proceeded with by cutting off the queues of the recruits (though this operation is dispensed with if the members are living amongst Chinese who are faithful to the Tartar rule), by washing their faces, and exchanging their clothes for long white dresses, as tokens of purity and the commencement of a new life. Straw shoes, signs of mourning, are also put on their feet, to signify the death of their old nature; and thus attired they are led up to the altar. Here some questions with reference to the immediate objects of the league are put to the vanguard, and then each member offers up nine blades of grass and an incense stick, while an appropriate stanza is repeated between each offering. A red candle is now lighted, and the brethren worship heaven and earth by pledging three cups of wine. This done, the seven-starred lamp, the precious imperial lamp, and the Hung lamp are lighted, and prayer is made to the gods, beseeching them to look down upon the members and to accept the incense burned

in their honor. The oath binding them to observe obedience to the league, and to display a spirit of fraternity, devotion, and righteousness towards the brethren, is then read aloud, and is followed by each member drawing some blood from his middle finger and letting it drop into a chalice partly filled with wine. Each neophyte then, having drunk of the mixture and repeated the appointed stanzas, strikes off the head of a white cock, as a sign that so shall all unfaithful and disloyal brothers perish. And now the ceremony of affiliation is over, and it remains but for the president to give to each recruit a diploma, the book containing the oath, law, secret signs, etc., a pair of poniards, and three Hung coins. With these emblems of their obligations the new members return to their homes at break of day.

The laws of the society bind the members to observe a cheap kind of morality, and to protect their brethren as far as in them lies, even to the extent of concealing such as are criminals from justice, and of rescuing any who may have fallen into the hands of the police. Naturally enough, the society protects itself by holding out fearful threats to any who may be inclined to reveal the secrets of the league or in any way to endanger it. But apart from those clauses which refer to the main object of the league—the destruction of the Tsing dynasty—the laws enjoin peace, and brotherly kindness, justice, and truth. The secret signs are numerous, and by means of them a brother may make himself known by the way in which he enters a house, puts down his umbrella, arranges his shoes, holds his hat, ties his handkerchief, takes a cup of tea, uses his chopsticks, and performs a number of other actions. The signals by word of mouth are equally numerous, and it is almost impossible to imagine any condition of time or place of meeting for which there are not appropriate questions and answers.

It has been said there exists a strong likeness between some of the rites of the league and those of Freemasons, and no doubt a certain similarity can be traced between the formularies of the two associations, but the principal interest which attaches to the league lies in its political importance. The number of its members and the discipline which is maintained in its ranks render it a formidable political weapon, but fortunately for the peace of the country there is in the Chinese character a want of that enthusiasm which



makes rebellion successful. At any time the Hung League might turn the day by throwing in its weight on the side of one

of two equally-matched combatants, but it is as an instrument and not as a principal that its action will be felt.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us: "Young Bengal" is apt to boast of its acquirements in the direction of European literature, and is especially proud of its skill and potency in drawing from 'the well of English pure and undefiled.' There can be no doubt that the Calcutta University annually bestows numerous B.A. and M.A. degrees upon Bengali students, who have a marvellous talent of repeating and adapting phrases from our most eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse, but especially in the latter; though, when they are called upon to arrange their own ideas in homely English, they utterly and entirely fail to write even common sense. At this moment I have lying before me a letter addressed by an educated Bengali youth to a deputy commissioner, asking for employment, with an evidently complacent faith in his peculiar qualifications for serving the government. It runs as follows: 'I, the student entrance class of the — school, undersigned, most respectfully beg to offer myself a Candidate for a Service under your Mortified feeling, which I have a clear hope, and entirely out of secret errors in my mind, will not fail to enlist my name. It will not be out of its place to add here regarding my qualification that I appeared last year in the university examination. Let me Conclude, adding that if I be so fortunate as to have the post for I hope, I will not fail to give you very satisfaction in the faithful discharge of the duties that will confer upon me.'

Pall Mall Budget.

**SNAKES THAT EAT SNAKES.**—One of these creatures, which is now at the gardens of the Zoological Society, has, during its stay in this climate, devoured an enormous number of common English snakes. We learn from an American contemporary that some years ago Professor Cope described the snake-eating habits of the *Oxyrrhopus plumbeus* (Weid), a rather large species of snake which is abundant in the intertropical parts of America. A

specimen of it from Martinique was observed to have swallowed the greater part of a large *fer-de-lance*, the largest venomous snake in the West Indies. The *Oxyrrhopus* had seized the *fer-de-lance* by the snout, thus preventing it from inflicting fatal wounds, and had swallowed a greater part of its length, when caught and preserved by the collector. More recently a specimen was brought by Mr. Gabb from Costa Rica, almost five feet in length, which had swallowed nearly three feet of a large harmless snake (*Herpetrodryas carinatus*) about six feet in length. The head was partially digested, while three feet projected from the mouth of the *Oxyrrhopus* in a sound condition. The *Oxyrrhopus* is entirely harmless, although spirited and pugnacious in its manners. Professor Cope suggests that its introduction into regions infested with venomous snakes, like the island of Martinique, would be followed by beneficial results. The East-Indian snake-eater, *Naja elaps*, is unavailable for this purpose, as it is itself one of the most dangerous of venomous snakes.

Popular Science Review.

**SINGULAR CUSTOM ADOPTED BY A TREE-FROG.**—Professor Peters has lately described the mode of deposit of its eggs employed by a species of tree-frog (*Polypedates*) from tropical western Africa. This species deposits its eggs, as is usual among batrachians, in a mass of albuminous jelly; but instead of placing this in the water, it attaches it to the leaves of trees which border the shore and overhang a water-hole or pond. Here the albumen speedily dries, forming a horny or glazed coating of the leaf, inclosing the unimpregnated eggs in a strong envelope. Upon the advent of the rainy season, the albumen is softened, and with the eggs is washed into the pool below, now filled with water. Here the male frog finds the masses, and occupies himself with their impregnation.

Popular Science Review.